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P O E M S.

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K

# P O E M S.



O! Nymph divine, wilt thou one Smile diffuse?  
One Smile from thee, will cheer the trembling Muse;  
Who, at thy sacred Shrine, submissive pays  
The truest Homage, in the humblest Lays.

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M. DCC. LXXX.

P O E M S



Of course, I will be glad to see you  
and shall be glad to hear of you  
and shall be glad to hear of you  
and shall be glad to hear of you

Yours truly,  
J. O. V. D. N.

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TALIESIN'S POEM

T O

PRINCE ELPHIN;

F R O M

MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELCH POETRY,

LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.

B



### ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following poem was written by Taliesin, chief of the Cambrian Bards, who lived in the sixth century; it is addressed to Prince Elphin, his patron, son of Gwyddno Garanir, a petty king of Cantre'r Gwaelod, to console him upon his past misfortune, and to exhort him to put his trust in Divine Providence.



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# TALIESIN'S POEM

T O

PRINCE ELPHIN.

---

I.

**E**LPHIN! fair as roseate morn,  
Cease, O! lovely youth, to mourn;  
Mortals never should presume  
To dispute their Maker's doom,  
Feeble race, too blind to scan  
What th' Almighty deigns for man;  
Humble hope be still thy guide,  
Steady faith thy only pride,

B 2

Then

4 TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN.

Then despair will fade away,  
Like demons at th' approach of day :  
Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,  
Goodness never fues in vain ;  
He who form'd the sky is just,  
In him alone, O Elphin ! trust.  
See glist'ning spoils in shoals appear,  
Fate smiles this hour on Gwiddno's<sup>a</sup> wear.

II.

Elphin, fair ! the clouds dispell,  
That on thy lovely visage dwell ;

---

<sup>a</sup> A Wear was a place fenced off in some inlet of the sea, and was so formed that, when the tide came in, fish were carried into it, and left there at the ebbing of the tide ; and the profits, arising from the sale of the fish thus caught, were the chief revenues of the princes of those times.

Wipe, ah wipe the pearly tear,  
Nor let thy manly bosom fear;  
What good can Melancholy give?  
'Tis bondage in her train to live.  
Pungent sorrows doubts proclaim,  
Ill fruit those doubts a Christian's name;  
Thy great Creator's wonders trace,  
His love divine to mortal race,  
Then doubt, and fear, and pain will fly,  
And hope beam radiant in thine eye.  
Behold me least of human kind,  
Yet Heav'n illumines my soaring mind.  
Lo! from the yawning deep<sup>b</sup> I came,  
Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,

---

<sup>b</sup> It is recorded of Taliesin, that he was found, enwrapped in a leathern bag, floating in a wear belonging to Gwyddno, the profit of which he had given to his son, Prince Elphin; that the Prince ordered him to be taken care of, and gave him the best education, upon which he became the most celebrated Bard of his time.



6 TALIESIN'S POEM TO PRINCE ELPHIN.

To point thee out the paths of truth,  
To guard from hidden rocks thy youth ;  
From seas, from mountains, far and wide,  
God will the good and virtuous guide.

III.

Elphin, fair ! with virtue blest,  
Let not that virtue idly rest ;  
If rous'd, 'twill yield thee sure relief,  
And banish far unmanly grief :  
Think on that Pow'r whose arm can save,  
Who e'en can snatch thee from the grave ;  
He bade my harp for thee be strung,  
Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.  
Though like a slender reed I grow,  
Toft by the billows to and fro,  
Yet still, by him inspir'd, my song  
The weak can raise, confound the strong :

Am



Am not I better, Elphin ! say,  
Than thousands of thy scaly prey ?

## IV.

Elphin ! fair as roseate morn,  
Cease, O ! lovely youth, to mourn.  
Weak on my leathern couch I lie,  
Yet heav'nly lore I can descry ;  
Gifts divine my tongue inspire,  
My bosom glows celestial fire ;  
Mark ! how it mounts, my lips disclose  
The certain fate of Elphin's foes ;  
Fix thy hopes on him alone,  
Who is th' eternal Three in One ;  
There thy ardent vows be given,  
Prayer acceptance meets from Heaven ;  
Then thou shalt adverse fate defy,  
And Elphin glorious live and die.

TABERNACLE: LOUISIANA TO THE SOUTH

Am not I better, lighter, freer,

I than thou art, at thy best?

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

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Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

Thou art a slave, I am a free man,

A N

E L E G Y

O N

N E E S T.

C



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE following Elegy was written by Einion, son of Gwalchmai, about the year 1240, on the death of Nest, or, according to the English pronunciation, Neest, the daughter of Howel, son of Owain Gwyned, Prince of North Wales, known by the name of the Dragon of Mona. Howel was a celebrated Bard in his time, and one of his father's Generals in his wars against the English, Flemings, and Normans, in South Wales.

[ 11 ]

A N E L E G Y O N  
N E E S T;  
B Y E I N I O N.

F A I R blooms the spring, in vernal honours gay,  
The thick'ning groves their warbling tenants shade,  
Where each, extatic, swells th' harmonious lay,  
And kens with rapt'rous eye the verdant glade.

Smooth'd is the bosom of the perilous deep,  
Even the wide foaming billows are at peace;  
Gently the varying tides a cadence keep,  
And the rude winds their blust'ring fury cease.

But ah! my griefs what season can remove,  
Stronger than blowing winds, or dashing wave?  
Nor Spring, nor Summer, can abate my love,  
Or, of one pious drop, defraud the grave.

12 AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

O ! pray'r divine, thy potent balm impart,  
'Tis thine, alone, misfortune's wounds to heal ;  
Thy sacred armour may secure my heart,  
And teach me how to suffer, though I feel.

But I must speak ! my grief will force its way,  
Keen is my sorrow, loudly let me mourn ;  
For sad remembrance treasures still the day,  
That saw thee, lovely Neest ! to earth return.

By Teivis' <sup>c</sup> mournful stream I pensive stray ;  
I hear th' affrighted waves terrific roar,  
To Beli's <sup>d</sup> confines, sad, the tale convey,  
That Neest, the gentle maiden, is no more.

---

<sup>c</sup> A river in Cardiganhire.

<sup>d</sup> What country this is, is quite uncertain.



AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION. 13

Bright were thy charms, tho' now, alas ! no more,  
Theme fit for Bards, the pride of British lyre ;  
Each Bard for thee, exhausted fancy's store,  
For like Elivri's<sup>e</sup> could thine eyes inspire.

But now my pensive heart, Oh ! sad reverse,  
O'ercharg'd with woe thy elegy prepares ;  
Thou ! ever present, yes I'll strew thy hearse,  
And on thy stony dwelling shower my tears.

O ! Cadvan's<sup>f</sup> brightest star, how didst thou shine  
In filken garments beautifully gay ;  
How did thy rays Dufunni's<sup>g</sup> banks refine,  
Enliv'ning nature like the orb of day !

---

<sup>e</sup> Elivri, the name of a woman, but who she was, or when she lived, is not clear.

<sup>f</sup> Cadvan is the Saint of Towyn Meirionnydd.

<sup>g</sup> Dyfynni, or Dufunni, is the name of a river that runs by Towyn.

14 AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

Consummate prudence crown'd thy bloom of youth,  
Blest with a heart unknown to base disguise,  
A constant vot'ry at the shrine of truth,  
Whose sacred precepts made thee truly wise.

But now, for ever gone, in silence laid  
In the cold tomb which ruddy earth confines,  
'Torn from my ravisht eye, the peerless maid,  
Lovely in death, the grief of Bards, reclines.

Each Bard, each Druid, mourn'd her timeless fate,  
For she to Bard and Druid still was dear ;  
Eternal honours round her tomb shall wait,  
There still shall flow the verse, shall drop the tear.

Bright as the eagle's was her piercing eye,  
Her long descent from royal line proclaim'd,  
Of Venedotia she, the pride, the joy,  
For fairest virtue, as for beauty fam'd.

Friend

AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION. 15

Friend to the Bard, with princely hand she gave,  
Still generous the mind where goodness reigns ;  
And is that goodness sunk into the grave ?  
Now Death thy sting I feel, its sharpest pains.

Nor can aught heal the pungent wound it made,  
Undone for ever by the fatal blow ;  
Now equal to my eye the light or shade,  
Still bleeds my heart, nor cease my eyes to flow.

And though all grieve, yet none like me can mourn,  
For she was dearer far to me than light ;  
Yes, Neest is gone, ah ! never to return,  
And with her light-wing'd Pleasure took its flight.

But cruel Death relentless sees my woe,  
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, his rigid heart can move ;  
All must submit to his resistless blow,  
He bursts the bonds of nature and of love.

O !



16 AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

O! gen'rous Neest, in earth's cold bosom laid,  
Safe in thy lone retreat thy ashes rest;  
Strong as Pryderi's was my grief display'd,  
Fresh sorrow's hoarding in my pensive breast.

For never can my sorrows cease to flow,  
Ne'er can the current of my woes be dry;  
Still, still I'll tend thee, round thy tomb I'll go,  
Not Death can hide thee from a lover's eye.

I see his dreary veil around thee spread,  
Even o'er that face which shone like pearly dew,  
Fair as the virgin snow on<sup>a</sup> Eiry's head,  
And form'd of beauty all I ever knew.

---

<sup>a</sup> Eryri, Snoudon; called Creigiau Eryri, and Mynydd Eyri, that is, the rocks and mountains of snow, from Eiry, which signifies snow.

AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION. 17

O! thou great Maker of the earth and sky,  
Whose gracious ears ne'er close to humble prayer,  
Grant mine may mount, as winged spirits fly,  
Safe to thy throne, and find acceptance there.

O! grant that beauteous maid, who shone below,  
Glittering like pearls with virtues given by thee,  
May now in beauties more celestial glow,  
From sin by<sup>1</sup> Dewi's intercession free.

Let thy bright-beaming mercy round her shine,  
May she with saints and martyrs chaunt thy praise,  
With holy Mary join the song divine,  
And to thy name her loud Hosanna's raise.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dewi, Saint David, a Bishop in the time of King Arthur, and the Patron  
Saint of the principality of Wales

18 AN ELEGY ON NEEST, BY EINION.

Boundless my love, it mounts, it foars on high,  
May good Saint Peter ever be her guard;  
My God, behold her with a gracious eye,  
And grant thy heav'n may be her great reward!

THE



**T H E**  
**PARTY - COLOURED SHIELD,**

**A**  
**F A B L E**

**D 2**

THE

PARTY - COLOURED SHIELD

A

F A B L E

D

T H E

## PARTY-COLOURED SHIELD,

A

F A B L E.

**I**N days when chivalry prevail'd,  
 And many a doughty chief assail'd,  
 Who oft in quest of noble fight,  
 Set out array'd like Mancha's knight;  
 When ignorance o'erspread this isle,  
 Since blest'd with Reason's sacred smile,  
 A valiant Prince, whose deeds in verse  
 Some loftier Poet shall rehearse,  
 Immortal Victory to requite,  
 For all his glories gain'd in fight,  
 Commands with utmost skill and care,  
 The choicest artists to prepare

A curious



A curious statue—They obey'd  
In reverence to the Prince and Maid.

And now behold the statue brought,  
Finish'd as e'er Pygmalion wrought,  
And in a point of certain view,  
To which four roads directly drew,  
On pedestal of Gothic taste,  
The coy, triumphant Damsel plac'd;  
Her right hand grasp'd a pointed spear,  
The emblem of destructive War,  
Her left reclin'd upon a shield,  
Whose outside blaz'd a golden field,  
But paler lustre next her breast  
Mild silver's modest ray confess'd;  
One side, inscrib'd with Celtic lays,  
Fair Victory's dread might displays;

Conspicuous on the other shone,  
The homage he was proud to own.

One morn it chanc'd, as chance oft brings  
From meereft trifles mighty things,  
Two noble Knights arm'd cap-a-pee,  
As trim as errant knights could be;  
One all in fable armour dight,  
And one array'd in lovely white,  
From different quarters posting came  
In search of all-inspiring fame:  
The statue soon attracts their eyes,  
Both gaz'd, and both confest surprize;  
One views the golden side, and one  
The side where modest silver shone;  
When each with similar delight,  
The different beauties thus recite:  
And first began the fable Knight.

}  
" This

“ This golden shield, and fine device,  
“ Proclaims the artist bold and nice :  
“ This golden shield !” reply’d the other,  
“ Surely you’ve lost your fight, good brother  
“ If I have eyes, or aught can view,  
“ This shield is of a silver hue.  
“ Sir !” quoth the Knight array’d in black,  
“ Yourself both fight and judgment lack ;  
“ For sure as I am errant knight,  
“ Or ever broke a lance in fight,  
“ This shield we wond’ring here behold,  
“ This shield, I say, is sculptur’d gold :”  
The other, with contemptuous sneer,  
And silent scorn, repays the jeer.

Now anger glares, and from their eyes  
Distemper’d passion’s light’ning flies ;

Defiance



Defiance on defiance hurl'd,  
And fury's banners are unfurl'd;  
Swiftly their foaming palfreys wheel,  
While each prepares the biting steel;  
Quick the well-brandish'd lances join,  
And chivalry's best arts combine;  
Sharp was the combat, sharp their points,  
Bruis'd were their sides, and stiff their joints:  
His Rosinante now each Knight  
Forfakes, in most disastrous plight;  
The purple tides distain the ground,  
Which flow from many a ghastly wound,  
When a sage Druid chanc'd to rove,  
From 'midst his oak-embowering grove;  
He was of truth the sacred guide,  
His warlike nation's grace and pride;  
With many an attribute divine,  
Wise, gentle, generous, benign.

The bleeding chiefs now panting lay,  
 Their souls on wing to quit their clay ;  
 Ready, just ready to depart,  
 The warm stream issuing from the heart,  
 When the sage Druid, who well knew  
 The virtues of each herb that grew,  
 Exerts his utmost skill and care,  
 To snatch from death the warlike pair :  
 Success awaits the generous deed,  
 Their recent wounds no longer bleed,  
 Returning life, with blooming grace,  
 Begins to paint each hero's face ;  
 And both in feeble accents strove  
 To praise the gentle Druid's love ;  
 While he, with strong amazement wrought,  
 Enquires for what, for whom they fought ?  
 Whence all this whirl of passion rose ?  
 What envious discord made them foes ?

The fable Knight, with courteous guise,  
Attentive hears, and thus replies :

- “ Kind soother of our pains, attend,  
“ Thou soul’s physician, father, friend ;  
“ From trivial cause our quarrel rose,  
“ No injur’d beauty made us foes;  
“ No lofty hopes of tow’ring fame  
“ Inspir’d us with a rival claim ;  
“ Strangers we are, by chance here brought,  
“ First met, where soon we rashly fought ;  
“ That stubborn chief, perversely bold,  
“ Denies this shield is shining gold.”  
“ That,” quoth Sir White, “ I still deny,  
“ ’Tis you, Sir, are perverse, not I ;  
“ Here, rev’rend Sage, with me, behold  
“ This silver shield, which he calls gold :  
“ From hence my instant passion grew,  
“ Who doubts my word shall own it true.”



The lift'ning Druid inly griev'd,  
 And many a sigh his bosom heav'd;  
 Then mildly graceful silence broke,  
 His wisdom ravish'd as he spoke:

- “ O ! will perverse of human kind,  
 “ With passion's gusts to rend the mind ;  
 “ Hence rise these sudden starts of ire,  
 “ That set our little world on fire !  
 “ Ah ! why is Reason thrown aside,  
 “ Of Heaven the gift, of man the pride ?  
 “ Or why is her companion, Truth,  
 “ Tho' blest'd in Heaven with endless youth,  
 “ With meek-ey'd Peace, her constant friend,  
 “ Forbid our erring steps to tend ?  
 “ Had these, my sons ! but grac'd your train,  
 “ This blood had never dy'd the plain.  
 “ Wrong were ye both, and yet both right ;  
 “ For had ye, ere you join'd in fight,

“ With

“ With calm attention view’d this shield,

“ The fair device, the blazing field,

“ At once, accordant, both had told

“ How fair the silver, rich the gold.

“ My words to prove, again look o’er

“ The shield which caught your eyes before,

“ Then instant change your sides, and view

“ Your warm assertions both were true :

“ This side the burnish’d gold displays,

“ On that fair silver darts her rays ;

“ Had then delib’rate judgment sway’d,

“ And Reason Anger’s pow’r allay’d,

“ This of yourselves you might have found,

“ Nor stain’d with blood the peaceful ground :

“ But as from noisome weeds and flow’rs

“ We juices draw, by chymic pow’rs,

“ Of

" Of fov'reign aid to banish pain,  
 " And usher rosy health again ;  
 " So, from your errors, wisdom glean,  
 " And ev'ry sense from passion wean :  
 " Permit me, for your common weal,  
 " Now to intreat, with friendly zeal,  
 " That each his suppliant hands would rear,  
 " And by this brilliant goddess swear,  
 " Never in rash dispute engage,  
 " Nor war on light surmises wage ;  
 " From this misconduct happier-rise,  
 " Be noble, patient, just, and wise."

GAY says, from things minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind will morals glean ;  
 Then statesmen, patriots, Whig, or Tory,  
 With candour weigh the recent story.

PASTORALS.



P A S T O R A L S.

P A S T O R A L

## D A P H N I S.

*“ The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,*

*“ And one unbounded Spring encircle all.”*

THOMPSON.

ONE morn, when hoary Winter 'gan his reign,  
 And fleecy showers had whiten'd o'er the plain,  
 Young Daphnis, musing by his chearful fire,  
 Pleas'd, in his straw-crown'd hut, attun'd his lyre ;  
 The crackling wood with sprightly ardour blaz'd,  
 While thro' his little casement Daphnis gaz'd,  
 And thus he sang—‘ Hail ! Winter, tho' severe,  
 ‘ Thy charms are striking as the blooming year ;

F

• How



- ‘ How pleasant ’tis to see the melting ray,
- ‘ Smiling thro’ mists that hover o’er the day ;
- ‘ What charming landscapes do the vallies yield,
- ‘ The snow how brilliant, that adorns the field ;
- ‘ The leafless branches of yon hoary trees,
- ‘ Rob’d in new beauty, sparkle as they freeze :
- ‘ Those hedges, late array’d in flow’ry pride,
- ‘ That might for fragrance with the rose have vy’d ;
- ‘ Tho’ lost their sweets, are yet superbly drest,
- ‘ And Nature’s hand impearls their russet vest :
- ‘ See how the briery twigs and pointed thorn,
- ‘ Crufted in glitt’ring frost, the scene adorn ;
- ‘ Transparent icicles, like dew-drops run,
- ‘ Wave in the wind and sparkle in the sun ;
- ‘ The infant corn shoots forth in verdant blades,
- ‘ Diffusing softness o’er the op’ning glades ;
- ‘ No more the herds on grassy meads are fed,
- ‘ Or lie luxuriant on their cowslip bed ;
- ‘ The

‘ The bleating flocks no more on knot-grafs feed,  
‘ Nor tending shepherd tunes his past’ral reed ;  
‘ But in the litter’d stall and close-pen’d fold,  
‘ Exulting, view afar the Winter’s cold :  
‘ So hard the earth, that scarce a step remains  
‘ To speak the docile Oxen’s useful pains ;  
‘ Who, from the distant shed, laborious bear  
‘ The hoarded faggots of the former year.  
‘ Flown are the tenants from the naked groves,  
‘ In search of warmer climes to chaunt their loves ;  
‘ Save the lone Titmouse, twit’ring still his note,  
‘ And hardy Wren, who swells her little throat ;  
‘ The Red-breasts too, still tune domestic song,  
‘ And as they chirping call they hop along ;  
‘ My willing hand their pressing wants supply,  
‘ Which thankful peckt, again they mount the sky ;  
‘ Nor snow, nor frost, prevents their tribute lay ;  
‘ Dost thou, O ! Man, such constant homage pay ?

‘ See ! where yon spreading oak its shelter lends,  
‘ Where distant smoke in tow’ring curves ascends,  
‘ Beneath that rustic roof my Phillis dwells,  
‘ That maid who all our village maids excels ;  
‘ Ev’n now, perhaps, her thoughts delighted rove  
‘ On absent Daphnis, and his faithful love ;  
‘ Haply her shepherd’s praise she deigns to sing,  
‘ And chaunts soft wishes for the distant Spring :  
‘ For then our flocks together sweetly stray,  
‘ And social converse gilds each lovely day ;  
‘ Sweet is her converse, beauteous too the maid,  
‘ Fair as the Spring in op’ning buds array’d ;  
‘ Yet charms more lasting my affections bind,  
‘ I love my Phillis for her gen’rous mind.

‘ Ardent I’ve lov’d her, ever since that day  
‘ Alexis’ goats did o’er yon mountain stray ;  
‘ When the young shepherd, from the bending rock,  
‘ Explor’d the cause of his diminisht flock ;



‘ There his two Goats (the one was big with young)  
‘ He murder’d views, as o’er the cliff he hung:  
‘ Now rising sighs Alexis’ bosom swell,  
‘ And gushing tears his honest anguish tell;  
“ For, oh! alas! my Father’s poor,” he cry’d,  
“ Where shall I stray to get his wants supply’d?  
“ Home can I ne’er return, ah! luckless day,  
“ Ill-fated Goats, why from me did ye stray?”

‘ Attentive Phillis dropt a pitying tear,  
‘ And bade him not of Providence despair;  
‘ Then thus she said; “ Poor shepherd, weep no more,  
“ Indulgent Heav’n has given me larger store;  
“ From my increasing fold two Goats be thine,  
“ One too with young; good youth, no more repine.”  
‘ With joy the grateful shepherd wept once more,  
‘ Her flowing eyes again with joy ran o’er,  
‘ Whilst I enraptur’d wept, and Phillis prais’d,  
‘ Whose sympathizing heart th’ afflicted rais’d.

‘ O!

- ‘ O! Winter, be thou as thou wilt, severe,  
‘ This well-tun’d flute shall charm each list’ning ear;  
‘ While grateful shepherds join in Phillis’ praise,  
‘ To her the truest, tend’rest notes I’ll raise:  
‘ Though this keen season kills each beauteous flow’r,  
‘ Nor winding woodbines stray around yon bow’r;  
‘ What tho’ no zephyrs ambient incense breathe,  
‘ A chaplet for her brow I yet can wreath;  
‘ For the green Myrtle still in beauty grows,  
‘ Nor yields in fragrance to the blushing Rose:  
‘ And this soft warbling bird, I’ve nurs’d so long,  
‘ Shall grace the present with mellifluous song.  
‘ Be sure, sweet songster! to extend thy throat,  
‘ And charm my Phillis with thy sprightliest note;  
‘ Then may she listen, and with joy approve,  
‘ Notes that remind her of her Daphnis’ love.’

Thus ends the shepherd’s carol for the day;  
Alexis heard, and much approv’d the lay.

## REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS

IN THE

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.



REFLECTIONS

IN THE

ABSENCE OF DAPHNE

REFLECTIONS  
IN THE  
ABSENCE OF DAPHNE.

*“ Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
“ Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
“ Like Nature !”*

THOMPSON.

WHY loiters Daphne? whither does she stray?

Thy Damon calls, haste Daphne, come away.

She comes not yet! impatient heart, be still:

I'll wait her coming near this murm'ring rill,

And the dull interval of time beguile,

In viewing myriads cheer'd by Nature's smile.

Not you, ye swarthy Pines, can please my sight;

Nor you, tall Oaks, that grace the mountain's height;

G

Nor

Nor thou, full Stream, whose rapid waters roll  
Like thunder echoing from the distant pole ;  
But you, soft babbling Brooks, that gently stray,  
And 'midst promiscuous sweets in eddies play ;  
While broad-leav'd plants your glassy surface hide,  
And cresses float upon your circling tide ;  
While vernal flow'rs their dulcet fragrance lend,  
And o'er your limpid stream in clusters bend.

With heedful eyes here view these turfy groves,  
See ! how the insect-world transported roves !  
What od'rous sweets those flow'ry banks display,  
And orient drops profuse the grafs array !  
The tall blades waving like the lofty Pine,  
While little tufts in humbler beauty shine ;  
But not a flow'r a sweeter fragrance yields,  
Than the blue Violet 'midst th' enamel'd fields ;  
Emblem of sacred Wisdom, meek she bends,  
Diffusing sweetness to her humble friends ;

Whilst



Whilst other flow'rs, less sweet, less lovely fair,  
 With tow'ring heads salute the ambient air;  
 Yet breathing odours rise profuse from all,  
 Each offers incense at the morning's call.

Mark! sportive swarms now hail the sun's bright ray,  
 With wings whose colours gild the face of day;  
 Here beauty, order, just proportion shine,  
 And chaunt—"The hand that made us is Divine."  
 But what sweet blossom's that which greets mine eye  
 With tints of azure and the Tyrian dye?  
 How wanton zephyrs sporting o'er it play!  
 But ah! th' enchanted flowret's flown away!  
 A Being animate he too can boast,  
 For in the butterfly the blossom's lost!

Behold yon insect gaily sportive fly,  
 And charm, with varied grace, th' astonish'd eye;

His jetty scales in polish'd order plac'd,  
And with rich scarlet plumes his sides are grac'd ;  
That Pink attractive bids him sweetly rest,  
And hum the passions of his little breast ;  
Haply his absent mate inspires his notes,  
Whilst his soft music in the æther floats.  
Ye gentle zephyrs, for a while be still,  
O ! cease a while to flow, thou purling rill,  
That I may hear this minstrel of the grove,  
In sweetest accents tune his song of love :  
Such are its tender sounds, that scarce the ear  
Notes so refin'd, so delicate can hear ;  
Such the construction of its curious mould,  
Hardly the eye the fabric can behold.

Ah ! whence that rustling sound ? fay, flow'ry bed !  
Each Rose, each Lilly bends its wavy head !  
Affrighted bends ! for lo ! a hostile train  
Of yellow rovers hover o'er the plain ;

The

The industrious spoilers ev'ry flow'r explore,  
And add new fragrance to their balmy store;  
With equal ardour diligently stray,  
Then rapt'rous bear their honey'd prize away.

There, in that Trefoil shade, expanded lies  
The late deceiver of my dazzled eyes;  
Th' enamel'd wings seem burnish'd fresh with gold,  
Now cautious spread, and now together fold;  
Gay, gaudy Fly! go, hover o'er that stream,  
And mark thy beauty in the passing gleam;  
So wilt thou emulate the fair, the gay,  
Who waste at toilets their long useless day;  
Yet all that nature, pomp, or beauty blest,  
Must yield to thee in elegance of dress.

But Zephyr now begins a rougher breeze,  
And gusts impetuous rend the quiv'ring trees;



Each frighted insect to his shed repairs,  
'Till Nature's brow a calmer aspect wears.

Soft now ! what phantom rushes on my view,  
Rob'd like the rainbow in each vary'd hue ?  
Beware, ye flow'rs ! 'tis Hyacinth, the gay,  
Trampling your sweets, he hastens on his way ;  
In vain, for him, luxuriant Nature spreads  
Her mossy carpets, her embroider'd meads :  
Insects and plants, what odious hateful things !  
Sure trivial rapture from from such sources springs !  
Sol too, effulging thro' the roseate morn,  
Paints scenes thy radiant eyes behold with scorn ;  
Such grave enjoyments polish'd youths despise,  
More striking beauties dwell in Harriot's eyes ;  
To her he flies, the gay beau-monde are there,  
Soft, well-drest youths, and giddy, gaudy fair :  
Forgive, O ! Hyacinth, my want of taste,  
To me gay circles seem a desert waste ;

On pleasure's wings your rapid moments fly,  
While Nature and her God neglected lie.

But see! my lovely Daphne now appears,  
She comes all sweetness, and dispels my fears.  
Adieu, ye flow'rs, ye lawns, thou purling rill,  
My Daphne comes, and now my heart is still:  
And you, ye tenants of the fragrant grove,  
Oft shall my steps amidst your dwellings rove;  
Delights like these my ravish'd soul refine,  
I taste the blessings of a hand divine;  
Here useful, beautiful, united prove  
Their maker, God of harmony and love.

But see! my Daphne's come, in green array'd,  
The happy zephyrs kiss the beauteous maid;  
Gentle her smiles, her eyes benignly bright,  
Yet lost on me were that enchanting sight,

Did

48 REFLECTIONS IN THE, &c.

Did not her modest, her attractive mien,  
Conscious imply the Graces dwell within;  
Benevolence and Truth her steps attend,  
And ev'ry virtue owns her for a friend.

AMYNTAS.



A M Y N T A S.

H

STATYMA

## A M Y N T A S.

*" Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,*

*" Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine."*

POPE.

W H E N Sol, one morn, his rays intensely shed  
 With scorching lustre on the traveller's head,  
 The young Amyntas, from his early toil,  
 Was home returning, loaded with his spoil ;  
 Three beechen poles were o'er his shoulders hung,  
 While in his nervous hand a hatchet swung ;  
 With heat and labour tir'd, th' industrious swain  
 Hastens on for shelter o'er the burning plain.  
 Behold a wood that straight before him lay,  
 Hither with ardour he pursues his way ;



The spreading oaks their foliage round him bend,  
 And moss-grown seats relief propitious lend;  
 A rapid stream meander'd thro' the grove,  
 Where Dryad nymphs in fultry dog-days rove;  
 Close by whose banks an infant oak uprear'd  
 Its slender trunk, and languishing appear'd;  
 The impetuous stream had shook its tender hold,  
 And rudely robb'd it of the nurt'ring mould.

Amyntas saw, and with a deep fetch'd-sigh,  
 " Alas!" he cry'd, "'tis pity thou shouldst die,  
 " Ere yet thy acorns strew this verdant bed,  
 " Or ere thy leaves maturer beauties shed;  
 " Forbid it Fate! this hand shall fence thee round,  
 " These beechen poles shall guard thy ravag'd ground:"  
 Then moisten'd earth around the root he spread,  
 And with nice culture form'd the nursing bed.  
 Now pleas'd he views his toil successful prove,  
 And now prepares to quit the sheltering grove;

When, lo! a voice of soft enchanting sound  
 Issues he knows not whence, from tree or ground,  
 And calls Amyntas!—he astonish'd stands,  
 His hatchet falling from his trembling hands;  
 When thus the Syren Dryad of the oak,  
 For such she was, in softest accents spoke:—

- “ Young Shepherd, gentlest of the rustic train,  
 “ With whom compassion never pleads in vain,  
 “ Say! what return my willing hand shall pay  
 “ For that benevolence thy deeds display;  
 “ Speak thy desire, shall India's wealth be thine?  
 “ I'll fetch thee treasures from Peruvia's mine:  
 “ I know thy wants, five ewes thy only store;  
 “ Speak, Shepherd, speak; and I exert my pow'r.  
 “ My favourite tree thy gentle care relieves,  
 “ Thy timely aid revives its drooping leaves;  
 “ With grateful ardour I attend thy will,  
 “ Speak but thy wish, and I that wish fulfil.”

- ‘ O! sacred Nymph, the Shepherd thus returns,  
‘ For fordid wealth my bosom never burns;  
‘ But if, indeed, thy kind indulgent care  
‘ Attends my will, and waits to crown my pray’r;  
‘ Restore Palemon to his wonted health,  
‘ Friendship like his exceeds all other wealth;  
‘ Drooping, since harvest, more and more he bends;  
‘ Restore, O! gentle Nymph, the best of friends.’

The wond’ring Dryad heard the gen’rous pray’r,  
And made the Shepherds her peculiar care;  
Palemon gladdens in returning health,  
The good Amyntas finds increase of wealth;  
And, as the Gods benevolence approve,  
They shower’d unnumber’d blessings from above.



A N

E L E G Y

ON THE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

# THE GUY

ON THE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK

A N

E L E G Y

ON THE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

THE dread Almighty fiat is fulfill'd,  
And virtuous Tavistock submissive bows ;  
Serenely mild, performs what Heav'n has will'd,  
Though long retarded by ten thousand vows.

For him, the mournful family of pain  
Incessant rais'd to Heav'n the asking eye ;  
The hapless widow, and her orphan train,  
With ardour pray'd their patron might not die.

I

For



For him, the tender father's heart was torn ;  
For him, the trembling mother vainly pray'd ;  
For him, fraternal friendship droops forlorn,  
Nor dares give comfort, nor expects its aid.

For him, (but ah ! can words describe her grief ?)  
A virtuous, tender wife, imploring Heav'n,  
In speechless agony intreats relief,  
And hopes the awful sentence yet's ungiv'n.

But what avails the fond, the vain request ;  
Who dares Almighty wisdom to arraign ?  
That pow'r, who form'd him, sent the dread behest,  
And to the youth mature announc'd his claim.

Nor birth, nor titles, his all-seeing eye,  
Who views the close recesses of the heart,  
E'er estimates ; those airy phantoms fly,  
And in the purer spirit hold no part.

More

More glorious titles, TAVISTOCK, were thine;  
Though born and bred in Fortune's downy nest,  
An early votary at Virtue's shrine,  
Of all thy honours sure thy heart was best.

That was to Heav'n a sacrifice refin'd,  
Thy deeds like fragrant incense reach'd the skies;  
And as too good to dwell with human kind,  
Thy great rewarder bade thy spirit rise.

It mounting flew, on Seraphs' wings upborne,  
And saw ætherial worlds with glad surprise;  
Where 'midst the sons of ever-blooming morn,  
Thy faithful Emily<sup>a</sup> attracts thine eyes.

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<sup>a</sup> Charles Emily, Esq; author of *Death*, a poem, addressed to the Marquis.

But O ! forgive, bright shade, the impious lay,  
That dares thy worth, that dares thy blifs depaint ;  
What mortal thought can heav'nly joys display,  
Or speak the glowing raptures of the faint ?

But may sweet Patience, smiling cherub, fly,  
And from her bright abode with speed descend,  
To wipe the bitter tear from Sorrow's eye,  
And soothe the wife, the parent, sister, friend.

For great her might, by sacred Reason join'd,  
To calm the passions, to subdue the will ;  
Hence flows submission, steady and resign'd,  
That gilds, through varying life, the nauseous pill.

That healing pow'r will shew the blooming pair,  
That lov'd, lamented TAVISTOCK bequeaths,  
The tend'rest objects of parental care,  
In whom, again, the noble father breathes.



There, there ! illustrious partners of distress,  
With doubled tenderness your cares employ ;  
Those dear deposits will your woes repress,  
And bid your anxious bosoms feel new joy.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF  
 HIS GRACE THE MOST NOBLE  
 JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD.

JUST when the hurrying dream of life is o'er,  
 And Death, grim monarch, beckons to his shore,  
 Our waken'd senses view, with sad dismay,  
 Their idle phantoms thro' the mazy way.  
 And if indulgent Heav'n our span extends,  
 His restless darts can wound us thro' our friends;  
 Or when the great, whose talents largely giv'n,  
 Proclaim them stewards of the gifts of Heav'n,  
 Yield up their all to man's relentless foe,  
 Appall'd we mourn th' inevitable blow.

Long

ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S DEATH. 63

Long noble BEDFORD, pinnac'd on high,  
Soar'd like a tow'ring eagle thro' the sky;  
By birth illustrious, wealth and titles bore,  
But now the gaily-gilded scene is o'er;  
And even while Fortune, with her choicest gales,  
With freshest breezes, fill'd his swelling sails,  
Still bitterest trials mark'd the varied plan,  
And taught the feeling mortal he was man.  
While party-bigots strove to blast his fame,  
Dark Envy's shafts in baleful myriads came;  
Not one humane, one gen'rous deed reveal'd,  
His acts misconstru'd, and his worth conceal'd:  
Yet flight these wounds, to what the fire must bear,  
When bleeding nature barr'd the struggling tear;  
When a lov'd son, his own, his country's pride,  
In youth, in blooming virtue, timeless dy'd,  
When his fair faithful mate, with woes o'erprest,  
Flew to her much-lov'd lord in search of rest;

These,



64 ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S DEATH.

These, noble BEDFORD, were as lessons given,  
Thy soul to wean from earth and wing to heaven :  
Obedience taught, thou didst thy God adore,  
And full of steady faith his will explore ;  
Serene, in death, thy feeble voice couldst raise,  
And tune, in parting strains, thy Maker's praise :  
Here Envy's self approves the friendly tear,  
And owns her keenest darts are blunted here.

A PAS-

## PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.

**Y**E bow'rs of Hagley, (where the Graces rove,  
 Lave 'mid your springs, or round your valleys play)  
 Shed all your sweets, despoil each fragrant grove,  
 In balmy ruins shroud your shepherd's clay.  
 Mourn, widow'd Graces, ev'ry pleasure fled,  
 Even Virtue mourns, for Lycidas is dead !

K

That

That Lycidas, who whilom us'd to lead  
 Your sportive train, to wind the mazy stream;  
 Who lur'd your steps, o'er Hagley's lawns to tread,  
 And pierc'd each grove with your enliv'ning gleam.  
 Mourn, hapless nymphs; decline each flow'r its head;  
 The pride of virtue, Lycidas is dead!

That Lycidas, by ev'ry Muse ador'd,  
 Whose silver harp so often tun'd their praise;  
 Whose lofty genius lib'ral arts explor'd,  
 Who did to Wisdom lasting trophies raise.  
 Mourn, Muses, mourn, the noblest spirit fled,  
 Mild Wisdom mourn, for Lycidas is dead!

That Lycidas, whose noble bosom glow'd  
 With patriot fondness for his country's weal;  
 He from whose lips persuasive reason flow'd,  
 Whose polish'd truths could 'rapt attention steal.  
 Mourn, Britain, mourn, the firmest patriot fled,  
 Bright Honour mourn, for Lycidas is dead!



That Lycidas, whose gentle nature felt

The pains and sorrows that were not his own;  
Who ne'er deny'd, when trembling anguish knelt,  
But paid with ready joy the sacred loan.

Mourn, Mercy, mourn, the kindest spirit fled,  
Soft Pity mourn, for Lycidas is dead !

That Lycidas, by every science hail'd,

Whose steadfast virtue faction ne'er could blame ;  
In whose warm heart, religion's truths prevail'd ;  
The brightest trophy in the fairest fame.

Hush then thy plaints, thy pensive strains give o'er,  
For Lycidas now shines—to set no more !

That I wish, whose gaze is turned to the  
The eyes and the heart are turned to the  
The heart is turned to the eyes, and the  
The heart is turned to the eyes, and the  
The heart is turned to the eyes, and the  
The heart is turned to the eyes, and the

That I wish, whose gaze is turned to the  
The heart is turned to the eyes, and the  
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The heart is turned to the eyes, and the

FRAGMENTS

OF

FINGAL.



EXTRACTS

FROM THE

THE  
FIFTH FRAGMENT  
OF  
FINGAL.

**N**OW yellow leaves in winnow'd ruins mourn  
 Their vanish'd bloom, and Winter's dire return ;  
 Now the grey mists, on hill and mountain hoar,  
 Proclaim the genial pride of Summer o'er ;  
 The rocking whirlwind whistles o'er the heath,  
 Dark rolls the river thro' the plain beneath ;  
 High on the summit of yon lofty hill,  
 Where ambient clouds ætherial sweets distil,  
 That lonely tree denotes the turfy grave,  
 Of youthful Connal, mighty, virtuous, brave !

There

72 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

There Autumn's spoils, in rustling heaps, adorn  
 The sacred spot that holds his timeless urn ;  
 There, when drear Midnight holds her solemn reign,  
 And spreads her sable mantle o'er the plain,  
 Glide airy forms, as bright as Cynthia's beam,  
 That with soft lustre dances on the stream,  
 Splendid, tho' wan, reflecting rays they dart,  
 Amaze the eye, while they astone the heart.

O ! Connal, warrior, mighty was thy race,  
 Who can the glories of thy lineage trace !  
 Yes, noble Connal's number'd with the dead,  
 No more shall trophies crown his valiant head :  
 Far was their clanging armour heard around,  
 While mangled heroes strew'd the gore-drench'd ground,  
 And frightened Echo, in her vaulted cave,  
 Redoubled heard, and told the blows they gave.  
 Dire were the wars of Fingal's glorious line,  
 For there did Connal life and pow'r resign ;

Connal,



THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 73

Connal, whose arm was mighty as a storm,  
Bright as his glitt'ring sword his striking form;  
Erect his tow'ring mien as yon tall rock,  
Whose thymy border feeds my wand'ring flock;  
His darting eyes the native fire confest,  
That glow'd with honest ardour in his breast:  
Loud was his voice when heard in war's alarms,  
And conqu'ring heroes bow'd to Connal's arms;  
Each warrior's sword to his became a toy,  
They fell like thistles by the playful boy.

The mighty Dargo, black as clouds that low'r,  
With brow impatient waits the destin'd hour;  
His rolling eye-balls horrid fury glare,  
And scowling aspect bids for war prepare;  
Advanc'd with hasty strides, resolv'd to try  
Young Connal's might, and conqu'ror live or die.  
Fierce was their combat, dire the clang of steel,  
While each, by turns, the biting falchion feel;

L

Fate

74 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Fate silent view'd, the conquest doubtful grew,  
 When near the Chiefs the fair Crimora drew,  
 Great Rinval's daughter, beauteous as the morn,  
 Clad in gay arms, such arms as youths adorn :  
 Her curling tresses, flowing loose behind,  
 Were toss'd in sweet disorder by the wind ;  
 Sharp-pointed arrows her left arm embrace,  
 While a tough bow her beauteous fingers grace :  
 In this disguise she views her much-lov'd youth,  
 For bound to Connal was her plighted truth ;  
 His life she fear'd ; then quick an arrow drew,  
 Which pierc'd unerring, yet in error flew ;  
 For, hapless maid ! in Connal's faithful breast,  
 Behold, the whizzing arrow stands confest'd.  
 Like a fall'n oak, extended on the plain,  
 He thund'ring fell, and crush'd the mighty slain ;  
 Or like a rifted rock, by tempests torn,  
 Strewing the plain which once it did adorn.

The

The sad Crimora, pale, transfix'd with grief,  
 Astonish'd stands, nor dares attempt relief;  
 While bath'd in purple streams he gasping lies,  
 Fault'ring attempts her name, then groans and dies;  
 Her Connal dies, can fair Crimora live?  
 What joy can life, without her Connal, give?  
 Each tedious night, and each returning day,  
 Her Connal's name re-echo'd in her lay;  
 O! Death, she cries, is Connal then no more?  
 Unite us, tyrant, on some happier shore:  
 Death heard, admir'd, and seiz'd the lovely maid,  
 And now with Connal's are her ashes laid;  
 There Earth enfolds the truest, brightest pair,  
 The valiant hero, and the virtuous fair;  
 The tufted grafs with livelier verdure grows,  
 And there the earliest, sweetest Violet blows;  
 While I, extended in this pensive shade,  
 Of mournful Yew and drooping Cypress made,



76 THE FIFTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Hear rustling winds in plaintive murmurs tell,  
How Connal conquer'd, and how Connal fell :  
While aching mem'ry still the pair pursues,  
That conscious plain my mellow'd grief renews ;  
Nor age, nor time, these traces can destroy,  
For Woe writes deeper characters than Joy :  
There peace-encircled may their ashes lie,  
Nor Connal's fame, nor bright Crimora's, die.

THE

T H E

## E I G H T H F R A G M E N T

O F

## F I N G A L.

O L D Ofcian, on a mossy feat reclin'd,  
 In feeble accents eas'd his lab'ring mind ;  
 Sole sad survivor of great Fingal's race,  
 Wrinkled, by time and grief, his furrow'd face ;  
 Dim were his faded eyes, his fleecy hair  
 Might with the virgin snow for white compare ;  
 His beard in waving tresses crown'd his breast,  
 That frequent heav'd, by sad remembrance prest ;  
 Nor quite had age the languid current froze,  
 Fresh to his aching sense reflection rose ;

Past

78 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

Past sorrows recent seem, and still impart  
New throbs of anguish to his bleeding heart.

- ‘ Oh ! where’s my king, my father, now,’ he cry’d,
- ‘ And where his valiant sons that round him dy’d ?
- ‘ Oscar, my son, my Oscar I deplore ;
- ‘ Why do I live, since Oscar is no more ?
- ‘ O ! royal Fingal, where’s our mighty race ?
- ‘ And where the glories we were wont to trace ?
- ‘ Were now each valiant youth, each blooming maid ?
- ‘ Low in their earthy bed for ever laid ;
- ‘ I grasp, I feel the turfy hillocks rise,
- ‘ My hands are faithful, tho’ too weak my eyes :
- ‘ The murm’ring river hoarsely rolls along,
- ‘ And in deep cadence joins my plaintive song ;
- ‘ No more, thou swelling stream, my woes renew,
- ‘ Without thy aid I can my tale pursue ;
- ‘ Forbear thy murmurs, ah ! awhile forbear,
- ‘ Nor draw from fightless eyes the briny tear ;

‘ For



THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 79

- ‘ For thou recall’st, what mem’ry fain would hide—
- ‘ Great Fingal’s sons, array’d in warlike pride,
- ‘ Did on thy banks in glitt’ring armour shine,
- ‘ Erect, and lofty as the mountain pine :
- ‘ Thy trembling banks our weight could scarce sustain,
- ‘ Thy waves affrighted fought the distant main.

- ‘ Great was the day, when, Fillan, thou wert there,
- ‘ Fam’d for majestic mien and pond’rous spear :
- ‘ Oscar, my valiant son, his numbers flew,
- ‘ And ’midst embattled ranks a terror threw :
- ‘ Fingal the great, the pride of age, appears,
- ‘ Comely, erect, tho’ silver’d o’er with years :
- ‘ His nervous hand ne’er drew the bow in vain,
- ‘ For by each whizzing arrow Chiefs were slain :
- ‘ Then Morney’s son, in dazzling armour gay,
- ‘ With his keen falchion mow’d his purple way ;
- ‘ Tallest of men, young Gaul, his father’s pride,
- ‘ With many a noble warrior by his side,

‘ Grac’d

80 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

‘ Grac’d like a tow’ring oak th’ embattled plain,  
 ‘ And view’d, with haughty aspect, thousands slain :  
 ‘ Loud was his voice as sounds the rapid tide,  
 ‘ Which in strong currents tears the mountain’s side ;  
 “ Fingal !” he cry’d, “ why singly wilt thou reign,  
 “ Unfit the toils of empire to sustain ?  
 “ Thou son of mighty Corval, grey with years,  
 “ Behold ! a rival king in me appears ;  
 “ Agile my arm the scepter well to wield,  
 “ The sword to brandish, or to grasp the shield ;  
 “ Able my brow the regal gold to wear,  
 “ Well can my mind the toils of empire bear ;  
 “ For I am strong as Boreas on the main,  
 “ Or as a whirlwind sweeping o’er the plain :  
 “ Then, Fingal, yield, the diadem resign,  
 “ Thy life and empire else shall soon be mine.”

‘ Oscar, my son, the haughty boaster heard,  
 ‘ And swift his nervous arm for combat rear’d ;

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 81

‘ But mighty Fingal, smiling in disdain,  
‘ Approach’d the insulting Hero of the plain ;  
“ Oſcar, be gone,” he cry’d, “ behold me here,  
“ That rival king whom Morney’s ſon ſhall fear :”  
‘ Then, with redoubled blows, the heroes join,  
‘ And Nature’s force with active Art combine ;  
‘ With ſturdy arms in rude embrace they meet,  
‘ And tear the rugged ground with ſtruggling feet ;  
‘ Like a toſt ſkiff, which daſhing waves rebound,  
‘ Their crackling finews echo’d all around :  
‘ Long did they toil, with equal ſkill and might,  
‘ E’en till the ſun was wrapt in duſky night ;  
‘ Then, like two falling oaks, they cruſh’d the field,  
‘ And Morney’s ſon was late conſtrain’d to yield :  
‘ The aged conquers, Gaul is overcome,  
‘ And waits, in captive bonds, his hapleſs doom ;  
‘ When lo ! a beauteous form our wonder drew,  
‘ With radiant eyes o’ercharg’d with pearly dew ;

M

‘ Sweet



82 THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL.

‘ Sweet as the morn, and as the rainbow fair,  
‘ With neck of snow, and braids of golden hair ;  
‘ Gentle she seem’d as spirits of the hill,  
‘ Which high behests with tender care fulfil ;  
‘ Such Minvane was, for soon the lovely maid  
‘ Herself declar’d, and thus to Fingal said :—

“ O ! mighty King, regard with gracious ear,  
“ And grant, O ! instant grant, my earnest pray’r ;  
“ Loose me the bands of Gaul, my brother free,  
“ Who never own’d a conqueror but thee ;  
“ Restore, O ! quickly, to my fond embrace,  
“ His sister’s joy, the pride of all his race.”

‘ Admiring Fingal gently made reply ;  
“ Lives there a man that can thy suit deny ?  
“ Thou lovely Minvane ! daughter of the hill,  
“ Thy ev’ry wish with rapture I fulfil ;

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF FINGAL. 83

“ Yes, maiden fairer than the northern snow,  
“ Sweet as the opening rose’s fragrant glow,  
“ The valiant Gaul be thine, I burst his chain,  
“ Nor from thy tender breast one joy detain.”

‘ With gentle accents thus he cheer’d the maid,  
‘ Yet here, alas ! are now his ashes laid ;  
‘ Mute now that tongue so often wont to charm,  
‘ Clos’d the keen eye, unstrung the nervous arm :  
‘ While old and fightless I his deeds relate,  
‘ And fondly wrest them from devouring fate ;  
‘ His honour’d tomb with pious tears bedew,  
‘ And while I strive to soothe, my griefs renew.’

THE EIGHTH FRAGMENT OF HINGAL

"Yes, maiden, I am the truest knight  
"Sweet as the opening rose's fragrant bloom  
"The valiant Gail he thine, I purf his chain  
"Not from the hand of any one to be  
"With kind a kiss, thus I have said  
"For here, and here, the new and silver hair  
"Make now that tongue to often want to change  
"O, and the love eye, that once the waters run  
"And now, and now, I am the truest knight  
"The hand, which once from dew was wet  
"The hand, which once from dew was wet  
"And while I live to be the truest knight



A N N I N G A I T  
A N D  
A J U T T;  
A GREENLAND TALE.

---

*“ The soul, which constancy inspires, has pow’r to climb*

*“ To all the heights sublime*

*“ Of Virtue’s tow’ring hill.”*

MASON.

A N N I C A T

A N D

A T T U A

ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following Tale is taken from the fourth volume of the  
Rambler.

## A N N I N G A I T

AND

## A J U T T.

**L**OVE, powerful love, impatient of controul,  
 Softens the heart, and animates the soul;  
 That love refin'd that can the magic boast  
 Of warmth unchang'd amidst eternal frost:  
 Witness, fair Ajutt, pride of icy plains,  
 Where darkness half the year triumphant reigns,  
 And faithful gen'rous Anningait, the youth,  
 By love taught softness, by that softness truth:  
 Both flourish'd sweet on Greenland's rigid coast,  
 Pure as its snow, and constant as its frost;

No



No polish'd arts of specious vice they knew,  
 The youth was noble, and the maid was true;  
 From earliest dawn their charms no rival saw,  
 By Nature blest'd beyond her usual law;  
 No Greenland-swain like Anningait could dare,  
 To fix th' harpoon, or rouse the Whale to war;  
 From his firm hand the unerring jav'lin flew,  
 His bark deep loaded by the Seal he flew:  
 Blest'd in his friends, illustrious was his race,  
 Grac'd by his birth, his birth his actions grace.

'Twas at a solemn feast in Greenland held,  
 Where beauteous Ajutt ev'ry nymph excell'd,  
 That Anningait first saw the blooming fair,  
 With modest sense, and unaffected air;  
 He gaz'd with rapture! Ajutt did the same!  
 Their souls, congenial, caught the rising flame;  
 On her, alone, he fix'd his firm regard,  
 The choicest Whale was to her board prefer'd;

A spotless ermine (emblem of her mind)  
 To deck her shoulders he from his resign'd;  
 With these a gift of greater worth bestow'd,  
 A heart all her's, a heart supremely good;  
 To sing her charms his artless voice was fir'd,  
 Thus flow'd the lay which love and she inspir'd:—

‘ Ajutt, more beauteous than th’ willowy shade,  
 ‘ Fragrant as Mountain-Thyme, enchanting maid!  
 ‘ Than Morfe’s teeth thy fingers whiter are,  
 ‘ Thy beauteous feet more nimble than the hare;  
 ‘ Thy smiles as grateful as dissolving snow,  
 ‘ When welcome fun-shine bids our lakes o’erflow;  
 ‘ Far as e’er thought can trace I’ll thee pursue,  
 ‘ And be thy lover and thy guardian too;  
 ‘ No pow’r shall Ajutt from her love divide,  
 ‘ Nor midland cliffs, nor eastern caverns hide;  
 ‘ Not he, of maids the foe, that giant fell,  
 ‘ Curs’d Haffgufa, that loves in caves to dwell;

N

‘ Nor

- ‘ Nor Amarock, that ev’ry breast alarms,
- ‘ Should tear my beauteous Ajutt from my arms ;
- ‘ And may that wretch, if such a wretch there be,
- ‘ That, envious, would divide my love and me,
- ‘ Be in his icy bed in silence laid,
- ‘ ’Reft of his bow, nor wept by faithful maid ;
- ‘ And in the land of souls when he arrives,
- ‘ And new to life in that dread clime revives,
- ‘ May then his scull the burning drops receive
- ‘ From starry lamps, nor have one friend to grieve.’

Th’ attentive fishers, Greenland’s choicest fwains,  
Enraptur’d listen, and approve his strains ;  
The nymphs on Ajutt cast an envious eye,  
And wish their fate with such a fwain to try ;  
While she, tho’ pleas’d, exults in beauty’s pride,  
The tender flame she feels, resolv’d to hide.

But



But now the long-expected God of day  
 Began once more on sparkling frost to play ;  
 The snow dissolves, long-stagnant waters rise,  
 A new creation greets their raptur'd eyes ;  
 The Greenland youths the happy omen hail,  
 Prepare for combat with the mighty Whale ;  
 With active ardour all renew their toil,  
 And count in thought the treasures of their oil ;  
 Foremost, in all, see Anningait appear,  
 For lovely Ajutt deigns the toil to share ;  
 Her presence animates the hero's mind,  
 He rush'd on danger fleetier than the wind,  
 With agile arm th' astonish'd Sea-horse strook,  
 And drew him, panting, on his well-fix'd hook ;  
 In utmost depths the diving Seal pursu'd,  
 And pierc'd the Whale, with sinewy strength endu'd :  
 And when, with loaded bark, to land they steer,  
 With active skill he caught the dappled Deer ;

Their glossy skins he dress'd to deck his bride,  
 But hope and anxious fear his breast divide ;  
 For still fair Ajutt further proof demands,  
 Ere nuptial rites should join their plighted hands ;  
 To distant shores commands the youth to rove,  
 To find if absence could abate his love ;  
 In search of wand'ring Whales she bids him roam,  
 To crown their board when winter call'd him home ;  
 He must comply—implicit he obeys,  
 Her will is law ; what more a lover sways ?  
 Yet, ere he parts, her tent with flow'rs he strews,  
 Refresh'd with sweetest of the Iceland dews ;  
 Balmy as Ajutt's breath, the new-born flow'rs  
 Might vie for fragrance with Arcadian bow'rs ;  
 These as he strew'd, to Ajutt thus he said,  
 ' Attend, and mark, inexorable maid :  
 ' See, in these blossoms, beauty's short-liv'd pow'r,  
 ' Beauty as fading as the morning flow'r ;

‘ This

- ‘ This hour presents them lovely to thy view,
  - ‘ Impearl’d with fragrance, deck’d in orient dew ;
  - ‘ Another comes, no more they cheer thine eye,
  - ‘ And ere a third revolves, they droop and die :
  - ‘ Such, my lov’d Ajutt, is the life we boast,
  - ‘ A tranfient dream, which ere enjoy’d is loft :
  - ‘ Why wilt thou then enforce this harfh command,
  - ‘ And drive me wretched to fome diftant ftrand ?
  - ‘ Why wilt thou not my plighted vows receive,
  - ‘ And be my partner on the boift’rous wave ?
  - ‘ Then could I fearless ev’ry danger try ;
  - ‘ What danger can I dread when Ajutt’s nigh ?
  - ‘ O ! virgin, beauteous as the funny beam,
  - ‘ Which glitt’ring dances on the limpid fream,
  - ‘ Once more reflect, recall the fad decree,
  - ‘ Be juft to Ajutt, and be kind to me ;
  - ‘ Think, ere I go, what frofts, what fogs may rife,
  - ‘ And join’d, preclude my charmer from my eyes ;
- ‘ Thou



‘ Thou know’st, my fair, our clime, condemn’d to frost,  
‘ Of days and nights alternate cannot boast,  
‘ Like those gay climes, by lying strangers told,  
‘ Where houses screen them from the inclement cold;  
‘ Ere my return, dread Winter’s bird may sing,  
‘ And night o’ertake me with an eagle’s wing;  
‘ What then, in those lone months, can cheer my soul?  
‘ Not Seal delicious, nor the flowing bowl;  
‘ The flaming lamps, without thy eyes, would fade,  
‘ Nor healing oil could cure the wound they’ve made.’

In vain the youth his utmost art essay’d,  
Persuasion mov’d not, nor soft pity sway’d;  
But ere he went, his last respect to shew,  
Seven Ermine skins, that rival’d Greenland’s snow,  
With five fair Swans, he as a tribute gave,  
And Seals fresh bleeding from the briny wave,  
With marble lamps, and oil of curious taste,  
To deck her board, and crown the rich repast:

With joy refin'd, this gift the nymph receiv'd,  
 Sweet proof of love, from him in whom she liv'd;  
 Then, trembling, wish'd the parting pang was o'er,  
 While pitying sighs her love-lorn bosom tore.

The ready boat the tardy youth upbraids,  
 And frequent summons from the rowing maids :  
 ' I come,' he cries ; ' my Ajutt lov'd, adieu —  
 ' Forget me not, my fair—be just—be true ?'  
 The words, by grief, half frozen on his tongue,  
 He sigh'd—she wept—and on his bosom hung ;  
 Then vow'd unchanging love, and fervent pray'd  
 Each Pow'r to guard him for his faithful maid ;  
 And that no Syren mermaid of the deep,  
 Might snatch her love, and leave her heart to weep :  
 With her's, his own he joins, and prays each Pow'r  
 To guard his maid, and haste their nuptial hour ;  
 Then onward moves—now looks a last adieu,  
 While tender eloquence his cheeks bedew :

Thrice

Thrice he attempts his floating bark to leave,  
 And swim to Ajutt o'er the dashing wave ;  
 Like some fair image, Ajutt lifeless stands,  
 Surveys his boat, and marks the printed sands ;  
 'Till waves and rocks her prospect intercept,  
 Her hutt then fought, and there in private wept.

But now the greenest moss she culls with care,  
 And dries the grafs for Anningait to wear ;  
 Of softest skins a fishing-coat she wrought,  
 Of curious form, like him of whom she thought ;  
 A boat of toughest skins together sew'd,  
 And as she work'd, each tender vow renew'd ;  
 Then in soft numbers each good genius prays,  
 To guide her swain thro' Terror's pathless ways ;  
 And that his nervous arms might stronger prove  
 Than the fierce Bear, nor aught annoy her love ;  
 That his swift darts unerring he might guide ;  
 That his tough boat might bravely stem the tide ;



That the crack'd ice might ne'er his feet betray ;

That his harpoon might never miss the prey.

Thus in lone sadness Ajutt still remains,

Nor joins the maidens on the jocund plains ;

Her locks unbraided o'er her shoulders flow,

In beauteous negligence and pomp of woe ;

The rural sports she now no more adorns,

Nor thinks of joy till Anningait returns ;

While he, by calms detain'd, or tempests tost,

Vainly attempts to reach the destin'd coast ;

Sighing he stands, and views the ruffled main,

And thus to life compares the varied scene :—

‘ O ! frail, uncertain state, where shall we find

‘ A truer emblem of the human mind,

‘ Than in the floating ice ; by billows tost,

‘ It tow'rs on high, there sparkles, and is lost ?

‘ The sun-beams bright dissolve the glitt'ring toy,

‘ And rocks that lurk in ambush to destroy ;

O

‘ Each

- Each cause concurs this sacred truth to prove,
- No joys are permanent but those above.
- What art thou, Pleasure ? fleeting as a dream,
- Which sudden blazes like a northern gleam,
- That plays a moment on our dazzled eyes,
- Then palls, and fades, and in an instant dies !
- What, Love, art thou ? the whirlpool of our rest,
- The fatal eddy of the human breast,
- The soft sensation that unseen obtains
- Such sovereign pow'r, soon absolute it reigns !
- Had not my eyes thy charms, O ! Ajutt, trac'd,
- The sweet expressions that thy person grac'd,
- The winning softness and th' attracting mien,
- Which conscious spoke the Graces dwelt within ;
- Then had I still with downy ease been blest,
- Slept like the careless Morfe in vacant rest ;
- Joyous as minstrels in the starry sphere,
- Had felt no grief, a stranger still to fear :

• But

- ‘ But if my lovely fair will true remain,
- ‘ How light each toil, how overpaid each pain !
- ‘ That sweet reflection shall my peace restore,
- ‘ She’s true as fair, and we shall part no more :
- ‘ That thought, my Ajutt, shall my nerves new brace,
- ‘ I’ll hunt the Rein-deer with unwearied chace ;
- ‘ A few weeks past then loaded I’ll return,
- ‘ And Love’s pure flame for us shall grateful burn ;
- ‘ Roefish and Porpoise shall thy kindred feast,
- ‘ And thou shalt smile on ev’ry friendly guest ;
- ‘ The Seals’ tough skins shall screen thee from the cold,
- ‘ The Fox and Hare shall Ajutt’s couch enfold ;
- ‘ The marble lamps with sweetest oil I’ll fill,
- ‘ To light thy tent, and fragrant fumes distil :
- ‘ Hasten then, O ! Time, add swiftness to thy flight,
- ‘ Hasten and restore my Ajutt to my sight.’

Thus was the youth by turns a captive led,  
By smiling Hope, Dismay, and anxious Dread ;



Till, rous'd by spouting Whales, his ardour glows,  
 And with new courage to the fight he goes ;  
 Ajutt, a sad recluse from all she lov'd,  
 Retirement woo'd, by social joys unmov'd ;  
 And true to love, as is th' attracted steel,  
 In thought felt ev'ry woe that he might feel.

Once, as she stray'd, by gentle labour led,  
 Drying soft skins to deck her lover's bed,  
 Nornfuck, a mighty chief among their swains,  
 Return'd from hunting o'er the distant plains ;  
 The lovely maid he view'd, with soft surprize,  
 An instant victim to her conqu'ring eyes ;  
 Fair without gaudy pomp, or studied art,  
 Her native beauty struck the hero's heart ;  
 By Love o'er-aw'd, whose pow'r he now first knew,  
 Speechless he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;  
 But ready Hope her flatt'ring counsel lends,  
 And bids him gain the fair one by her friends ;

For

For much he fear'd his suit to Ajutt vain,  
 Yet blest the absence of her favour'd swain;  
 Revolv'd with joy his birth, his mighty store,  
 For great his wealth, no Greenland swain had more;  
 On these depends her parents' faith to try,  
 And hopes their pow'r might win her to comply;  
 Yet first presumes his passion to disclose,  
 And o'er her neck a dappled deer-skin throws;  
 This with disdain the faithful maid returns,  
 Then for her Anningait afresh she mourns:  
 Her father's distant hut the hero sought,  
 His worth explain'd, and ev'ry tender thought;  
 The glitt'ring bait their abject minds allures,  
 And the new lover soon his wish procures.

Home when the maid return'd, with artful tale  
 They praise young Nornfuck, hero of the vale;  
 His pow'r, his wealth, they set in dazzling light,  
 His vast possessions for th' approaching night;

How

How bright his form (for true the youth was fair)  
 In graceful ringlets flow'd his jetty hair ;  
 His person pleasing, and quick piercing eye,  
 That might for keenness with the Eagle's vie ;  
 His ardent passion crown'd the irksome tale :  
 But vain each art that dar'd her truth assail ;  
 With silent scorn th' amazing change she hears,  
 That they forget her vow and frequent tears ;  
 The frequent tears which to her love she pay'd,  
 And in soft sadness all her soul display'd ;  
 At last, long urg'd, the painful silence broke,  
 And thus her firm resolves in anguish spoke : —

- ‘ Sooner shall Whales their liquid world forsake,
- ‘ And seek for pastime in the freezing lake ;
- ‘ Sooner shall endless night o'er Greenland reign,
- ‘ And cheering sunshine never gild the plain,
- ‘ Than I, in thought or word, my love forego,
- ‘ Fixt as my native frost, pure as my snow.’



Now swift as bounding Hart away she fled,  
 And travers'd hill or dale, as fancy led;  
 Resolv'd to see her native hut no more,  
 Till Anningait she sees on Greenland's shore;  
 A willing exile from her father's board,  
 Her wants supply'd from Nature's varied hoard;  
 She oft high cliffs ascends, and eager eyes  
 The distant main in curling billows rise;  
 Each time new hope her anxious bosom cheers,  
 Now more than hope, for lo! the boat appears;  
 The wish'd-for bark in loaded pomp returns,  
 Wild with the joy, no longer now she mourns;  
 Swift as an arrow, darts o'er hill and dale,  
 Now scours the plain, now skims along the vale;  
 Till, faint with joy, she gains the pebbled shore,  
 And hails the bark, and hears the dashing oar;  
 Then, with loud rapture, calls her destin'd mate,  
 Her life, her lord, her much-lov'd Anningait;

No well-known accents her fond hopes repay,  
Trembling she wonders at th' unkind delay ;  
Eager the cruel reason she demands —  
The dropping oars forsake the rowers' hands ;  
Aghast they gaze, as Anningait she calls,  
New-rising fear their trembling hearts appals ;  
The youth, impatient, long before was gone,  
In a swift boat, unloaded and alone ;  
Their tedious voyage love could ne'er approve,  
What oars, what winds, are fleet enough for love !  
But how or where he was, they knew no more  
Than she, just lifeless, on the crowded shore :  
With horror struck, immoveable she stands,  
And wets, with copious tears, the thirsty sands ;  
The virgin train in social woe attend,  
Bewailing round the anguish of their friend ;  
Her weeping kindred strive to soothe her woes,  
And from each friendly tongue persuasion flows ;

They

They try to win her home, and calm her mind,  
 But she was deaf as rocks, and heedless as the wind :  
 With gentle force, at last, they brought her there,  
 And fought each lenitive to soothe her care ;  
 Then her soft couch with fleekest skins they spread,  
 And led her gently to her long-left bed ;  
 Then pray'd the downy God her eyes to seal,  
 And that sweet peace again her breast might heal :  
 She thankful heard, but knew their kindness vain,  
 Her life, bereft of Anningait, was pain ;  
 Yet lulls her grief with sad reflection's pow'r,  
 That all unheeded, in the silent hour,  
 She might with safety gain the late-left shore,  
 And ev'ry terror, for her love, explore.  
 With double pain the tardy moments fly,  
 Till all was hush'd, and clos'd each friendly eye ;  
 Then soon she left her once-lov'd place of rest,  
 Where Peace long dwelt, tho' now no more a guest ;

P

Softly



Softly she stole her sleeping friends to view,  
 And look'd, and sigh'd, a tender last adieu;  
 While filial tenderness her bosom tore,  
 That those dear objects she must see no more:  
 But what, O! Nature, are thy feeble ties?  
 When love inspires, thy sweet sensation flies!  
 The pebbly shore her fear-wing'd feet regain,  
 There seiz'd a boat, then boldly plough'd the main.—  
 No more her Greenland's coast the Maiden trod,  
 Nor yet the Youth—Some think an angry God,  
 The potent Genius of the flood or rock,  
 Fierce Haffgufa, or dreaded Amarock,  
 Detain'd them prisoners in their coral caves,  
 Whose pearly pavements shine thro' lucid waves;  
 Others, with kinder confidence, declare,  
 That, gently wafted thro' the yielding air,  
 They now, bright stars, for ever fixt above,  
 Fit emblems shine of constancy and love.

ON THE  
ROYAL NUPTIALS:

THE following Poem was written in the Year One Thousand  
ADDRESSED TO HER

MAJESTY.

ROYAL NUBIA L.S.  
ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following Poem was written in the Year One Thousand  
Seven Hundred and Sixty-one. ADDRESS D C A

M A I E S T Y.



ON THE  
ROYAL NUPTIALS:

ADDRESSED TO HER

M A J E S T Y.

WHEN ev'ry tongue great GEORGE's praise recites,  
And loyal gratitude the verse indites;  
May I, the humblest of the Muse's train,  
Presume to join them in the lofty strain;  
Let me the dictates of my heart obey,  
Which thus to CHARLOTTE bids devote the lay:  
Deign then, O! Queen, to view this humble wreath,  
And on the flow'ry toy acceptance breathe;  
Myrtles, as fragrant as thy GEORGE's name,  
Whose incense rises on the wings of fame,

Fresh have I cull'd from Pindus' sacred shade,  
 With blooming flow'rets, never doom'd to fade;  
 Emblems of virtues that thy GEORGE adorn,  
 Foretelling blessings to an age unborn;  
 Laurels unchanging join the mystic band,  
 Which speak the glories of this conqu'ring land;  
 These, Royal CHARLOTTE, by the Muse consign'd,  
 Trembling I weave, thy sacred brow to bind.

The wreath thus form'd, receive it, gracious Queen,  
 And mark the virtues that in GEORGE are seen;  
 His name, by gen'rous deeds illustrious grown,  
 Now shines the brightest jewel in his crown;  
 Fair Honour sits enthron'd upon his brow,  
 Where youth and beauty like these flow'rets grow;  
 Virtue and Truth his steady footsteps wait,  
 And Mercy, smiling cherub! opens his gate;  
 Religion now beams fresh her cheering ray,  
 And Heav'n's vicegerent gladly owns her sway;

True

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS. III

True filial Piety his bosom warms,  
 And social Fondness in the monarch charms;  
 From his bright pattern ev'ry blessing springs,  
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of kings :  
 What more remain'd to form the Godlike youth ?  
 Paternal fondness, and connubial truth.

Lo ! now attendant angels gracious bring  
 A consort worthy Albion's virtuous king ;  
 Graces celestial to her mind belong,  
 Humble tho' great, and sagely wise tho' young :  
 England's old Genius like himself appears,  
 And points exulting to the coming years ;  
 With joy paternal bids obedient Fame  
 To trembling nations British GEORGE proclaim.  
 Long may he reign, encircled with renown  
 Fair as his virtues, mighty as his crown ;  
 May sweet domestic bliss, unmix'd with care,  
 And soft content, each rising hour prepare ;



May England and her king alone contest,  
Who most revere, who love each other best ;  
May his dread sceptre bid contention cease,  
And awe perfidious nations into peace ;  
May home-felt bliss the cares of state beguile,  
Th' enraptur'd parent at the cherub smile,  
With joys refin'd protect the budding flow'r,  
And taste its sweetness in the vernal hour ;  
Joys ! such as lov'd, lamented FRED'RICK knew,  
Beneath whose care his infant virtues grew !  
Like good AUGUSTA be great CHARLOTTE seen,  
Nor lose the mother in the mighty Queen.  
And late, oh late, may Heav'n's dread mandate come,  
That calls the mortal to his native home ;  
May then celestial guardians waft you o'er  
Death's stormy sea, to Life's eternal shore ;  
There, all forgetful how your Britons grieve,  
From Heav'n applauding brighter crowns receive !

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

EDWARD AUGUSTUS DUKE OF YORK.

AH! royal EDWARD, whither now are flown  
 The festive hours of youth, the roseate train?  
 From thy untimely bier they vanish'd soon,  
 And of the giddy flutterers none remain.

What now avails the pride of rank, or pow'r,  
 Thy royal ancestry, illustrious, brave?  
 They, bowing, yield to fate in awful hour,  
 And mourn their glories vanquish'd in the grave.

Q

Thy

114 ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF YORK.

Thy native Britain, from her chalky bourn,  
Afar beholds the mournful pomp of woe ;  
Grieves her lamented EDWARD's cold return,  
Amaz'd and shrinking at the fatal blow.

For oft her senate heard thee, royal youth !  
Earnest in Britain's, and in Freedom's cause ;  
With speech unstudied, eloquent in truth,  
Alone regardful of her sacred laws.

But oh ! alas ! in life's exulting hour,  
With ev'ry smiling ray of hope around ;  
Death, haughty leveller, exerts his pow'r,  
And brings thy blooming honours to the ground.

Still more severe, inexorable Death,  
In foreign climes thy awful sway to own ;  
In strangers' arms to yield the struggling breath,  
Far, Nature, from thy tender feelings torn.

In



ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF YORK. 115

In the lov'd parent's soft embrace to lie,  
Where fond affection sooths the bed of pain,  
While love fraternal swells each bursting eye,  
And kindred care exerts her pow'r tho' vain;

This did high Heav'n, ill-fated YORK! forbid —  
No perfect joys on human beings wait;  
In vain each art the stern intruder chid,  
He grimly smiling op'd his iron gate.

What tho' deny'd the balm of social love,  
Yet princely strangers wept round EDWARD's bed;  
With anxious tenderness incessant strove  
To serve him living, and revere him dead.

Illustrious Monaco! that gen'rous chief,  
His royal, dying guest humanely mourn'd;  
With pious awe proclaim'd his pungent grief,  
And with fraternal anguish saw him urn'd.

116 ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF YORK.

The beauteous deed a nation's friendship claims,  
All shall his worth with pleas'd remembrance tell;  
And while they rev'rence EDWARD's cold remains,  
Fame on this act with gratitude shall dwell.

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD LYTTETTON.

**F**RRIEND to the Muse, by ev'ry Muse admir'd,  
 Whose potent harmony thy bosom fir'd;  
 Whether in pastoral strains thou deign'st to rove,  
 Or dwell'st on Hagley's charms, or Lucy's love;  
 Or in Miltonic lays thy numbers flow,  
 Sweetly majestic, musically flow;  
 Or where the Historian's page, with brow severe,  
 Thy ardour swells, and Truth demands thy care;  
 Still, LYTTETTON, unspoil'd, undeck'd by state,  
 And all the mean atchievements of the Great!



118 ADDRESSED TO LORD LYTTTELTON.

Like Phosphorus thou beam'st a certain day,  
And shed'st on fainter orbs thy chearing ray :  
Charm'd by thy light, a little meteor dares  
To mount the skies, and mix among the stars ;  
There should thy radiant beams their light diffuse,  
And from oblivion snatch th' aspiring Muse,  
Bless'd by thy smile, by that secur'd of fame,  
Thou, LYTTTELTON, the Verse—the Muse should'st claim.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY  
ON THE  
Writings and Genius of SHAKESPEARE.

NO more let France her critic Dacier boast,  
The Queen of Isles a MONTAGU adorns,  
Whose genius, tow'ring as her Albion's coast,  
The pedant fons of abject slav'ry scorns.

Fair blooms the wreath thy gen'rous hand has wove,  
With laurels green thou deck'st thy Shakespeare's head,  
Immortal Genius doth the task approve,  
And bids his Poet's glories round thee spread.

Thy

Thy gen'rous pen was destin'd, sure, to guard  
From Gallic-ignorance his injur'd name,

With polish'd science to adorn the Bard,  
Bold to admire, yet not afraid to blame.

O! could his shade, where peace, where wisdom reigns,  
Thy nervous page behold, with wonder fraught,  
Even there the Bard would bless thy friendly strains,  
And own his magic felt, his genius caught.

There would he wish, if there a wish can be,  
Whene'er his MONTAGU from earth retires,  
Her form in those seraphic realms to see,  
And tell what gratitude his bosom fires.

ADDRESSED



ADDRESSED TO THE LATE

THOMAS GRAY, Esq;

Professor of History in the University of CAMBRIDGE.

I.

VENT'ROUS shall I strike the lyre,  
 And soaring wooe sweet Fancy to my aid,  
 Coyly bright ethereal maid?  
 Celestial Poësy with native fire,  
 Fancy's fair attendant, hie,  
 Inspire me with thy minstrelsy:  
 O! come, nor o'er my soul refuse  
 Thy choicest raptures to diffuse;  
 For I the eagle Bard would celebrate,  
 That sung of ruthless Edward's fate:  
 He sung — Old Cambria heard with awe,  
 And, in the wond'rous youth, her Bards immortal saw.

R

II. O!

ADDRESS'D H. O. THE LATE

O! Taliesin, guide my hand,  
 Attune the trembling strings, inchant the lay,  
 That dares attempt to carol GRAY,  
 Thou long-lost Homer of my native land:  
 Haste Cadwallo, Modred come,  
 Leave awhile your craggy tomb;  
 Let your own magic swell th' exalted strain,  
 Let it echo o'er the plain,  
 To celebrate the soaring Bard, who told  
 How you glorious liv'd of old;  
 How your wieri harps were strung,  
 How truth divine inspir'd each sweet prophetic tongue.

## III.

Till grim Edward, haughty lord,  
 Cambria's peaceful bosom gor'd;

Seat of Freedom, song divine,  
 There each Grace was seen to shine,  
 Tho' now no more explor'd :  
 There, whilom, thro' each oaky grove,  
 Prince and Druid wont to rove ;  
 Mute the harp and sweet-strung lyre,  
 Silent Penmaen's craggy shore,  
 Lost the pure poetic fire,  
 Prince and Druid are no more :  
 Yet see ! still more immortal now they reign,  
 For Briton's genius smiles on favour'd GRAY,  
 Sublimeft Bard amid the tuneful train,  
 Then bids him boldly tread their starry-way ;  
 And to record their deeds, on purpose wrought,  
 An adamantine pen bestow'd, with genius fraught.



## E L E G Y

UPON THE DEATH OF

THOMAS GRAY Esq.

WHERE sleeps the Bard who grac'd Musæus' hearse  
 With fragrant trophies, by the Muses wove?  
 Shall GRAY's cold urn in vain demand the verse,  
 Oh ! can his Mason fail in plaintive love?  
 No ; with the Nine inwrapp'd in social woe,  
 His lyre unstrung, sad vigil he must keep,  
 With them he mourns, with them his eyes o'erflow,  
 For such a Bard immortal maids can weep.

Their

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GRAY, ESQ. 125

Their early pupil in the heav'nly lore  
Of sacred poëfy and moral song,

They taught the youth on eagle wing to soar,  
And bore him thro' aerial heights along.

Fancy, obedient to their dread command,  
With brilliant Genius, marshall'd forth his way;

They lur'd his steps to Cambria's once-fam'd land,  
And sleeping Druids felt his magic lay.

But vain the magic lay, the warbling lyre,  
Imperious Death! from thy fell grasp to save;

He knew, and told it with a poet's fire,  
“The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.”

And shall the Bard, whose sympathizing mind  
Mourn'd o'er the simple rustic's turfy cell,

To strew his tomb no grateful mourner find,  
No village swain to ring one parting knell?

Yes,

126 ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GRAY, ESQ.

Yes, honour'd shade! the fringed brooks I'll trace,  
Green rushes culling, thy dank grave to strew,  
With mountain flow'rs I'll deck the hallow'd place,  
And fence it round with Osters mixt with Yew.

WRITTEN



WRITTEN

UPON VIEWING THE SEAT

OF THE

Honourable HORACE WALPOLE.

**W**HEN Thames, in plaintive murmurs, lav'd the grott  
 Where once his darling POPE each care forgot ;  
 Where, with the Muse, he pass'd the smiling day,  
 Whose strains celestial crown'd the moral lay ;  
 Each drooping Swan with sorrow view'd the shore,  
 And mourn'd, in melting dirge, their Bard no more :  
 Ah ! flown, O Thames ! thy fairest Swan (they sung)  
 Whose warbling lyre immortal Genius strung,  
 Truth, Nature, Virtue, touch'd the trembling chord,  
 While mute Attention caught the Poet's word.

And

128 ON THE SEAT OF HORACE WALPOLE, ESQ.

And must thy beauteous stream incessant mourn?

Is Genius banish'd, never to return?

No—thy sweet banks, immortal Thames! shall prove

His fond affection, and the Muses' love;

Succeeding years will sure a WALPOLE give,

In whose progressive mind shall genius live:

His wish to crown—each Muse—each Grace shall meet,

And fix on STRAWBERRY-HILL their lov'd retreat.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON

## PARRY's playing upon the WELCH HARP.

YE Bards who erst, in Mona's shadowy isle,  
 With harmony celestial wrapt the soul;  
 Whose sounds symphonious taught e'en Care to smile,  
 And ev'ry ruder passion could controul:

Bless'd be your friendly aid, for that alone  
 Could PARRY's artless hand with skill inspire;  
 His fancy swell to raise the rapt'rous tone,  
 His flying fingers guide to skim the lyre.

To you, ye Bards, seraphic sounds were giv'n,  
 That soothing rais'd and charm'd the soul to peace;  
 Delightful foretaste of a future heav'n,  
 Where harmony divine shall never cease.

S

Still



130 ON PARRY'S PLAYING ON THE HARP.

Still o'er your much-lov'd Cambria, still preside,  
Seat once of flowing verse, of magic song ;

Your mighty shades the feeblest hand can guide,  
And bid their silent harps again be strung.

Your potent aid can fan their dying fire,  
Can call back Genius to each desert grove ;

Your sons will rouse when you their Bards inspire,  
Elate, their mighty origin to prove.

2  
ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

ON SEEING THE OPERA OF

DAPHNE AND AMYNTOR.

INGENIOUS Cook<sup>a</sup> of Drury hear,

And lend to friendly truth an ear :

We English stomachs love plain food ;

Ven'son, *twice*<sup>b</sup> *hash'd*, is seldom good.

Tho' dish'd with foreign art compleat,

We can't, with real pleasure, eat ;

What tho' Italia's pow'rs combine,

To join their fauce with Gallic wine ;

<sup>a</sup> In the Prologue to this Entertainment Mr. Garrick is compared to a cook.

<sup>b</sup> This Entertainment has been twice brought upon the English stage.

Though madam Opera's skill and care  
 Has furnish'd out the flimsy fare;  
 'Twill never do — think not we jest —  
 We like plain victuals, plainly dress'd :  
 And sure where Shakespeare sits in state,  
 And two attendant Muses wait,  
 We there might hope our native boast,  
 Old English beef might rule the roast.

Let flippant Opera keep her place,  
 Nor dare, 'fore Shakespeare, shew her face;  
 Indignant he beholds the scene,  
 And thinks on Bess's glorious reign.

See ! fair Thalia now appears  
 In guise unusual, dew'd with tears ;  
 Melpomene's majestic frown,  
 Condemns the treat—the Cook—the Town :



The Cook ungrateful, both declare,  
Who thus prefers the tinsel Fair,  
To them, who gave him genius, pow'r,  
And blest'd with wit his natal hour.  
Then, master Cook, no more prophane  
The larder of thy Drury Lane  
With foreign mixtures, ragout meat,  
But with nutritious viands treat,  
And then we'll gladly come and eat.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

UPON THE DEATH OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

THERE crack'd the cordage of a noble heart !  
 A heart, which living glow'd with Shakespeare's fire,  
 Whose native energy, beyond all art,  
 Could with those dulcet lays the soul inspire ;  
 Could thro' each mazy magic path pursue  
 The loftiest theme of Nature's Bard divine ;  
 Could, with a master's hand, unfold the clue,  
 And each rich gem with wond'rous care refine.  
 Bear witness ye, whose kindling bosoms felt  
 The potent sway, the glow of genial fire,  
 When, by an unison of souls, were dealt,  
 From GARRICK's lips, the strains of Shakespeare's lyre ;

M T T I 3 W

Bear

ON THE DEATH OF DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 135

Bear witness ye, who knew how lov'd the man,  
Whose social virtues deck'd the actor's name,  
Whose worth intrinsic grac'd his little span,  
And gave him more than double right to fame.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN



WRITTEN UPON

The late Miss LINLEY'S Performance  
in the MESSIAH.

WHEN over Beth'lem's plains th' angelic throng,  
To wond'ring shepherds caroll'd forth their song,  
Soft with seraphic peace, the lay divine  
Proclaim'd the promis'd King of Judah's line.

Surely such sounds, such sweet persuasive pow'r,  
Heaven-favour'd LINLEY ! blest thy natal hour ;  
When thou, in strains symphonious, dost declare  
The risen Champion of the direful war,  
That our Redeemer liveth ! and will stand  
When frighted Nature bursts her plastic band :  
Rais'd by th' extatic notes, our bosoms glow,  
And taste of heavenly harmony below.

WRITTEN

## Written in an Hermitage.

**S**WEET Content, be thine this cot,

Here be ev'ry care forgot;

Here Aonian maids attend,

Here each Muse will find a friend;

Contemplation! hither fly,

And waft the Virgins from the sky;

Or, O! Nymph, be still more kind,

And thither raise th' aspiring mind.

On

## On an Eminent PAINTER.

**A**PELLES, once the pride of Greece,  
 Who rivall'd Nature's liveliest piece,  
 Just ere he dy'd, with anxious care,  
 His choicest pencils, colours rare,  
 To great Apollo's shrine convey'd,  
 And on the sacred altar lay'd :  
 Then thus Latona's son address'd ;

“ Bright Pow'r, O ! grant my last request ;  
 “ Let none but those whom Fancy charms,  
 “ Or thy enliv'ning magic warms,  
 “ Prefume these hallow'd gifts to claim,  
 “ None but the genuine sons of Fame.”

And now Apollo stingy grew,  
 These pencils grac'd the hands of few ;



One in an age at most was known,  
And very rare the colours grown ;  
Till late the God, in happy hour,  
Bestow'd on REYNOLDS all the four<sup>c</sup>.

---

<sup>c</sup> It is reported of Apelles, that he never made use of more than four colours.

ON AN EMBROIDERED TAPESTRY [ 140 ]  
On seeing some PICTURES wrought  
with a NEEDLE.

HAD poor ARACHNE once possess'd

The wond'rous skill by Lloyd express'd,

The blue-ey'd maid, though born of Jove,

Though of the synod held above,

With all her art the prize had lost,

Tho' she could aid celestial boast :

For had she view'd these colours rise,

That charm, that cheat, our wond'ring eyes ;

Where Art and Nature are at strife,

For Art is starting into life ;

Had she, O ! Lloyd, thy hermit seen,

With speaking eye, with breathing mien ;

Thy grapes, that blush with verdant bloom !

Minerva would have broke her loom ;

Of worth superior conscious grown,

For farther help to Jove had flown.

On

## On the Death of a TURTLE DOVE.

WRITTEN

At the Request of two young LADIES.

THOU! gentlest cooer of the shady grove,  
 Mild as ambrosial morn, dear infant Dove,  
 That lost so early, and but lately known,  
 We thus with dirges due sincerely mourn;  
 Where art thou flown? could not our tend'rest care  
 Protect thy downy coat from chilling air?  
 Dost thou now flutter in Elysian shades?  
 Or coo on Pindus to the Aonian maids?  
 Or has the Paphian Queen, in Cyprian grove,  
 Lost by untimely chance her favourite dove,  
 And cruel snatch'd thee from our fost'ring hands,  
 To draw her pearly car in filken bands?  
 May'st thou, sweet bird, wherever hov'ring, find  
 A state as fortunate, and friends as kind;  
 While here thy soft remains in quiet lie,  
 And teach the Fair that ev'ry charm must die.



On a young Lady's Birth-Day, in August.

**H**AIL! lovely month, by Ceres crown'd,  
 Who sportive treads thy chearful round,  
 And smiles to see in sheaves appear,  
 The noblest produce of the year ;  
 O! let me join thy festive train,  
 And carol forth my rustic strain,  
 While nymphs and shepherds chaunt the lay,  
 And bless Eliza's natal day.  
 Eliza, mild as blooming Spring,  
 When budding flow'rs their fragrance bring ;  
 Whose real worth and native grace  
 Refulgent beam around her face ;  
 Upon whose polish'd brow, serene,  
 Candid Benevolence is seen :  
 Fair Modesty her cheeks adorn,  
 With blushes gentle as the morn ;

ON A YOUNG LADY'S BIRTH-DAY. 143

While Innocence and Truth attend,  
And wait the footsteps of their friend.  
O! still, my lovely maid, may they  
Thy actions guard, thy thoughts survey;  
And usher in, with finish'd grace,  
The Summer of thy happy race;  
Then chearful shall thy Autumn glide,  
And steer thy bark thro' life's rough tide;  
And when thy hoary Winter's come,  
Incessant pointing to the tomb,  
Without a pang thy soul resign,  
And be repaid with joys divine.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON THE

# DEATH of a favourite BIRD.

**I**S the vital spark extinct?  
Is the quick'ning spirit flown?  
Teach me, beauteous bird! to think  
In thy fate to read my own.

Though with circling comforts blest'd,  
I the bitter draught must taste,  
Thou, tyrant Death! wilt break my rest,  
Swift my little span must waste.

I each tender friend must leave,  
Burst each soft endearing tie;  
I must press the dreary grave,  
And in cold obstruction lie.



ON THE DEATH OF A BIRD. 145

But what avails thy gloomy pow'r ?  
Me should faith support, 'tis flown ;  
Consolation soothes the hour,  
Terror flies, and hope's my own.

This lay requite, sweet bird ! with care ;  
Hov'ring like a Sylph attend ;  
With notes aërial charm my ear,  
And warbling soothe thy penfive friend.

A

## M O R N I N G H Y M N.

**H**A S T E, O! my soul; exulting rise,  
And with the glorious orb of day,  
Prepare thy morning sacrifice,  
And join Creation's choral lay.

O! may each sense with joy attend,  
The grateful rites my soul prepares,  
My lips their holy incense blend,  
And pour with fervent zeal my prayers.

Glory to thee, my God and King,  
Whose sacred guard my tent has kept,  
Beneath the shelter of whose wing,  
In sweet security I've slept.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by thy almighty pow'r,  
I now refresh'd, to light awake,  
And grateful hail the pleasing hour,  
When, balmy Sleep, thy bands I break.

Still, still, almighty King, protect  
Thy servant thro' each circling day,  
And with thy guiding aid direct  
My wand'ring feet, too prone to stray.

Then while life's dreary vale I roam,  
To thee the votive song I'll raise,  
And when thy mandate calls me home,  
In heav'nly choirs I'll chaunt thy praise.



A N

# EVENING HYMN.

**M**Y soul, thy grateful homage pay,  
For all the blessings thou hast known;  
For those that mark'd thy recent day,  
And each unnumber'd moment flown.

Now Night, in solemn pomp array'd,  
O'er half the globe extends her reign;  
Now shines the floor of heav'n, inlaid  
With radiant orbs, a wond'rous train!

Let them be witness of my praise  
To him who form'd the earth and sky;  
Who out of chaos deign'd to raise,  
And bade th' obedient planets fly.

Grant

Grant me, O ! Lord, each day to live,  
Still conscious of that coming hour,

When Death demands, and I shall give  
An awful tribute to his pow'r.

O ! God, with confidence inspir'd,  
I now return to needful rest ;  
With faith and hope my bosom fir'd,  
I feel the comforts of the blest'd.

But when my erring nature fails,  
O ! let my pow'rful Saviour plead ;  
His sacred blood alone avails,  
His sacred blood, for me decreed.

O ! may my soul in thee repose,  
To thee her hopes, her fears resign ;  
And grant my eyes in peace may close,  
Confiding in thy pow'r divine.

A

Morning HYMN *for a* CHILD.

SOON as the dawn has streak'd the sky,  
 To thee, my God, my voice I'll raise;  
 Soon as the light salutes mine eye,  
 To thee I'll tune my song of praise.

Thy hallow'd name my heart shall warm,  
 To thee my soul her pray'r shall pour;  
 To thee, who still, secur'd from harm,  
 Preserv'st me in the midnight hour.

Still, gracious God, my heart direct;  
 May all my labours seek thy praise:  
 Do thou my heedless feet protect,  
 And still to thee my wonder raise!



A N

# Evening HYMN *for a* CHILD.

**E**TERNAL glory, Lord, be thine,  
For ev'ry blessing I have known :

May grateful songs of praise be mine,  
And may those songs ascend thy throne !

My heavy eyes in sleep I'll close,  
Secure in thy almighty care ;

And bid my weary limbs repose,  
Confiding still that thou art near !

Then when the sleep of death shall come,  
With faith and hope let me obey

That pow'r which calls me to the tomb,  
Expectant of eternal day !

A N

CHILD

A M

Evening Hymn for a Child

HYMN

For every blessing I have known

My grateful heart will ever own

And may I never cease to praise

My heavy eyes in sleep I close

Secure in thy almighty love

And bid my weary heart repose

Convinced that thou art near

I then when the sleep of death shall come

With faith and hope let me be bold

To meet thee in the world to come

Thy great and eternal day

A M

A N

E L E G Y

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS Duke of Cumberland.

X



A M

E L E G Y

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS Duke of Cumberland.

Z

## E L E G Y

O N

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS Duke of Cumberland.

SEE! Liberty, majestic mourner, weeps,  
 And with the sacred drops bedews the bier,  
 Where cold and wan her darling hero sleeps,  
 No more her sweet enliv'ning voice to hear:

Sad Albion, hapless parent, sunk in woe,  
 With grief maternal hangs o'er WILLIAM dead,  
 While down her fading cheeks fresh torrents flow,  
 And all her isle with desolation spread.

156 ELEGY ON THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

Hark! she exclaims, ' Ah! here, my Britons, view  
' That royal head: once laurel crowns it wore;  
' Now wreath'd with Cypress and with baleful Yew,  
' Bow'd to the gloomy tyrant's awful pow'r.

' That noble heart which glow'd with native fire,  
' My rights, my laws, to guard from hostile sway,  
' Its current froze, the vital pow'rs expire,  
' And Death, triumphant, bears the prize away.

' In icy fetters bound, behold! the hand  
' That swift as lightning dealt my vengeance round,  
' Shook with my falchion Caledonia's land,  
' While trembling rebels fled th' affrighted ground.

' But oh! reflection but increases grief,  
' Great as his fame so poignant is the smart;  
' Whilst aching mem'ry views the patriot chief  
' Grav'd on the tablet of each faithful heart.

' And



- ‘ And though, by Heav’n’s dread mandate, all must die,
- ‘ Nor royal lineage from the tomb can save ;
- ‘ Tho’ there, without distinction, levell’d lie
- ‘ The mightiest monarch and the meanest slave ;
- ‘ Yet Virtue shall, with honest care, embalm
- ‘ The prince, the slave, who bow’d before her shrine ;
- ‘ And from absorbing Lethe’s drowsy calm,
- ‘ Shall snatch their names, in future days to shine.
  
- ‘ How bright then his, historic truth shall tell,
- ‘ While Albion empress of the seas remains ;
- ‘ His glorious deeds her choicest page shall swell,
- ‘ There his lov’d name immortal honour gains.
  
- ‘ Each friend of freedom must his name revere,
- ‘ Approach my WILLIAM’S urn with pious awe ;
- ‘ Pay to his ashes still a grateful tear,
- ‘ And mourn the lost defender of their law.’

O D E S

S U N G

In Commemoration of the Institution of the MARINE  
SOCIETY, on occasion of their Anniversary Dinner at  
the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the *Strand*, the 22d  
Day of *February*, 1773.

*Sung by a CHOIR of BOYS marching round the Room, at  
the Head of the Society's Poor Boys.*

SOCIAL Virtue's liberal plan  
Cheers the hapless race of man ;  
O'er the poor's defenceless head,  
See ! her healing wings are spread !

Plants from Britain's earth behold,  
(Britain, parent of the bold)  
Snatch'd from Vice's horrid train,  
Chilling penury and pain !

Rais'd by Virtue's powerful arm,  
See! their throbbing bosoms warm!  
Certain pledge, how well they'll prove  
What they owe to SOCIAL LOVE.

Hail! thou blessing all divine!  
Still, O still, thro' Albion shine;  
Whilst thy golden chain's unbroke,  
Her foes shall bend beneath her yoke.

*Sung at TABLE by the same CHOIR.*

SEE these happy youths, now made  
Bulwarks of our wealth and trade.  
From this glorious source will flow,  
Vigorous strength, to quell each foe.

May



May such such noble plans sustain  
 GEORGE's empire on the main !  
 May rich Commerce, England's pride,  
 Still adorn her swelling tide !

While ye guardians of our isle,  
 Favour'd by his gracious smile,  
 Band of patriot-brothers, tie  
 The knot of social amity ;

Virtue hails the great design,  
 She owns the impulse quite divine ;  
 Bids her patriot King approve  
 The golden band of SOCIAL LOVE !

## A N O D E

FOR THE

## MARINE SOCIETY, 1776.

**I**MPERIAL Britain, on her sea-girt throne,

In resplendent glory shone ;

Firm on her rock she sat,

Sublime in antique state,

With mystic laurel deck'd ;

With bright illustrious trophies crown'd,

While haughty nations bow submissive round ;

Yet with maternal tears she dewes the ground,

For her rude progeny, who prove

Truants to duty—glory—love ;

Who madly strive, and rashly dare,

The honours from her brow to tear ;

Y

Yet

Yet anxious still—still toiling to sustain  
 Her rights—their glories o'er the subject main,  
 Her care-fraught bosom heav'd;  
 Kindly solicitous she inly griev'd  
 Their follies to explore;  
 Yet hail'd the virtues of her darling shore.

A I R.

Thus sweet April's vernal tears  
 By bright'ning gleams are chas'd away;  
 In fairer tints each flower appears  
 When Phoebus gilds the doubtful day.

RECITATIVE.

Ah stop! she cry'd, your wild career;  
 Nor longer pant in Folly's train;  
 Your country's Genius will appear,  
 Bright Honour still asserts her reign.

Although



ODE FOR THE MARINE SOCIETY, 1776. 163

Although in Fashion's giddy maze  
On light fantastic toe ye tread ;  
Yet Reason startled stops to gaze,  
Nor follows there though Britons lead.

A I R.

Before your native virtue's beam,  
Folly's light vapours fade away ;  
When sparks ethereal brightly stream,  
Swiftly obscuring clouds decay.

S O N G.

Soft Pity still your bosoms swelling,  
Her lenient balm around you spread ;  
You fly to chear the mourner's dwelling,  
Protective shield the houseless head ;  
With hand benign each child of woe  
From meagre Want's pale gripe release ;  
You make the orphan's bosom glow,  
And soothe his throbbing heart to peace ;

No more the poignant pangs to feel  
Of Poverty's life-chilling train ;

No more with desperate hand to steal,  
But glorious bulwarks of my reign.

And are those godlike virtues given  
To you, my jarring sons, in vain ?

Shall Britons spurn the gifts of Heaven,  
And rudely burst each social chain ?

No no ! let real patriots round me  
Now stronger twine the cords of love ;  
For that's the only chain can hold ye,  
In peace—in war—your strength 'twill prove.

CHORUS.

Awake—Arouse your genuine glory,  
Assert your origin divine ;  
Transmit to endless fame your story,  
And in your country's annals shine.

**O** F T rugged England, fam'd in arms,  
 Has shook the world with dread alarms,  
 Perfidious France has oft brought low,  
 While proud Iberia felt each blow :  
 When sacred Union's plastic band  
 Diffus'd its blessings round the land,  
 From East to West her blazon'd name  
 Has swell'd the loudest trump of Fame.  
 Then ev'ry son with filial pride  
 Was to his parent Britain ty'd,  
 Her rights with jealous care preserv'd,  
 Nor from the glorious duty swerv'd.  
 And are those golden æra's fled ?  
 Must England bow her laurel'd head ?  
 Forbid it, Genius of our isle !  
 Dart through this gloom thy potent smile,

For



For fure thy pow'r can light reftore,  
 And radiant gild thy fea-girt fhore ;  
 There let thy fpreading banners gay  
 - Still firmly fhield each rocky way,  
 Shew hoftile nations, to their coft,  
 Thy England's prowefs is not loft.

AN  
INVOCATION  
TO THE  
GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

INSCRIBED TO

Her Grace the DUTCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

IN V O C A T I O N  
T O T H E  
G E N I U S O F B R I T A I N .

I N S C R I B E D T O

H E R G R A C E T H E D U C H E S S O F D E V O N S H I R E .



A N

## I N V O C A T I O N

T O T H E

## G E N I U S O F B R I T A I N .

**G**ENIUS of Britain ! whose congenial smile,

From infant time, with freedom blest'd this Isle ;

Dart thy enliv'ning fire, thy pow'r proclaim,

Awake thy slumb'ring sons to deeds of fame :

Though at luxurious Pleasure's sensual shrine

They bow obedient, and on vice refine ;

Though Diffipation's varying scenes can sway,

And from themselves thy Britons steal away ;

Yet shall thy sacred voice the charm dissolve,

Call forth the latent spark, the firm resolve ;

Z

Shall,

Shall, like an angel's trump, each heart alarm,  
And with æthereal fire each bosom warm ;  
Shall to their brighten'd sense bid fair appear  
The re-trac'd glories of each conqu'ring year ;  
Shew victor Edward in his sable shield,  
And Agincourt's well-earn'd immortal field ;  
Where, by the delegated aid of Heav'n,  
Whose awful mandate to thy charge was giv'n,  
Thou, for the valiant Harry's votive band,  
Brandish'd the guardian-glories of thy hand ;  
While Gaul's perfidious sons, in proud array,  
With trebled numbers, wond'ring, lost the day :  
Haste from thy pearly grotts, thy coral caves,  
Whose margents green obsequious Neptune laves ;  
He ardent waits thy dread behests to hear,  
And waft to hostile shores thy bolts of war ;  
He longs to view thy naval bulwarks ride,  
And grace, in martial pomp, his swelling tide ;

He

He pants to see thy hardy sons display  
Unrivall'd colours o'er his wat'ry way.

Oft has the Ocean-god, with rapturous gaze,  
Seen circling glories round thy Britain blaze;  
Her active corps with nimble zeal beheld,  
With native courage, noble warmth impell'd,  
Furl their vast sails, their glorious banners rear,  
Unaw'd by numbers, unaffail'd by fear;  
Seen stubborn cords their nervous touch obey,  
And pond'rous masts elastic bend as they;  
Heard their bold thunder's undulating roar,  
And mark'd the terrors of each hostile shore.

Warm'd by thy breath, that fire shall yet return,  
For Thee, for Glory, ev'ry bosom burn;  
Her trampled rights thy injur'd Isle shall claim,  
And prove her birth-right from the rolls of Fame;



Abash'd by thee, intestine feuds expire,  
And healing Concord social love inspire;  
While that insidious Pow'r, whose faithless word  
Wounds, with her follies, keener than her sword,  
Shall with her motley crew be aliens far,  
And feel the scourges of vindictive war.

Purg'd be this land from all the reptile race,  
Whose manners poison, and whose modes disgrace!  
Ill suits with Freedom's sons their boasted Ton,  
The light Cotillion, or more light Allemande.  
Say will not you, your country's darling pride,  
With whom the Virtues, Graces, are allied;  
Say will not you, like guardian-angels, stand,  
The warm defenders of your native land;  
Say will not you, like Rome's immortal Fair,  
To Public-virtue sacrifice your share;  
The idol Fashion from his altars throw,  
And spurn the fripp'ry gaudes of Britain's foe?

Illustrious

Illustrious train ! in titled honours high,  
Th' alluring beacons of each humbler eye,  
Lead the bright van, begin the noble race !  
Such acts of glory will your lineage grace.

Thou pole-star, DEVON, whose attractive ray  
Bids varied plumes in mimic homage play ;  
Thou form of Beauty, thou fair soul of Truth,  
Whose paths are honour's, modes are flights of youth ;  
And beauteous GRANBY, that recorded name,  
Which grateful vet'rans shall transmit to fame ;  
Say will not you, ye nobly born and taught,  
With ev'ry charm, with ev'ry virtue fraught,  
True to the glories of each honour'd line,  
In public as in private virtues shine ?  
Shall not your country's wrongs your bosoms swell ?  
Shall not her foes your gen'rous rage impel ?  
Yes !—Mighty shades from realms of peace shall view  
Their kindred honours brightly beam from you !

The

The genuine lustre real Greatness sheds,  
Still like the sun its chearing influence spreads,  
Darts 'midst the desert's gloom its genial ray,  
And calls secluded Worth to open day;  
Seeks the lone spot where brooding Sorrow dwells,  
And traces Merit to his humblest cells;  
Soothes the desponding mourner's throbbing breast,  
And lulls, with gen'rous care, each grief to rest;  
Props the poor flow'r whose parent root is dead,  
And feeds th' industrious hand with lib'ral bread:  
SPENCER can witness how such deeds refine,  
And give the human mind a ray divine.

O! envied pow'r, the bleeding heart to heal,  
And guard, with Godlike care, the gen'ral weal;  
'Tis this that smoothes the unsocial pomp of state,  
And proves th' ennobled mortal truly great.  
GENIUS OF BRITAIN! fan the glowing fire,  
To deeds like these th' exalted train inspire:



Thy jarring sons unite in Freedom's cause,  
 And let their ardent aim be thy applause;  
 Each factious dæmon's poisonous art dispel,  
 And let thy potent pow'r dissolve the spell;  
 Upraise neglected Virtue's drooping head,  
 Recall the annals of the mighty dead;  
 Shew the brave noble probity of old,  
 The pride of honour, the contempt of gold;  
 Shew them that BRITONS were by Heav'n design'd  
 The brightest patterns of their erring kind;  
 Worthy the spot to Freedom giv'n and Thee,  
 " This little stone set in the silver sea."

When native virtue, love of martial fame,  
 Were the rich trophies of each glorious name;  
 When noble daring bade perfidious France  
 Draw the keen blade, or " couch the quiv'ring lance;"  
 Then, how averse to foreign modes and arts,  
 Those treach'rous trifles that unman our hearts!

They

They scorn'd her motley manners with disdain,  
And found, in Reason's scale, her fopp'ries vain :  
Then each accomplish'd Dame resplendent shone  
In charms unrivall'd, charms that were her own ;  
While the interior beauties of her mind,  
By judgment polish'd, real taste refin'd,  
Beam'd round the lovely form, the radiant face,  
The softest unison of winning grace ;  
Then, blissful time ! the blooming mother's pride  
Was, with nice care, each tender pledge to guide ;  
With heedful eye th' expanding mind to form,  
With native truth the faint ideas warm ;  
To rear the budding flow'r with tender care,  
And for its active scene the heart prepare.

No alien's aid the noble parent sought,  
No manners trivial were her offspring taught ;  
To think, to act, by Wisdom's sacred law  
She bade them learn, and copy what they saw ;

The

The docile mind she rais'd by themes divine,  
 Who form'd each glitt'ring orb, who bade them shine !  
 Thus taught to gaze, to wonder, and adore,  
 They knew, they lov'd, obey'd Eternal Pow'r :  
 GENIUS of BRITAIN ! bid those days return,  
 For THEE, for VIRTUE, let each bosom burn.

When thy firm sons undaunted heard th' alarms  
 Of vengeful pow'rs, nor fear'd united arms ;  
 Thy SENATE when astonish'd nations saw  
 Deal out with steady zeal impartial law ;  
 When dove-like Concord, soft as Hermon's dew,  
 Could healing balsam o'er thy councils strew ;  
 By THEE inspir'd, when Social Love alone  
 With warm affection fenc'd thy envy'd throne ;  
 Then thy brave sons their Crosses victorious bore,  
 The dreaded banner of thy sea-girt shore :  
 GENIUS of BRITAIN ! let those times return,  
 For THEE, for GLORY, bid each bosom burn.

A a

Still



Still ancient worth thy DELEGATE retains,  
No sensual vice thy royal sceptre stains ;  
In Pleasure's tempting spring, thy cheering ray  
His heart impell'd to tread the better way ;  
Proud of thy guardian-care, his honours spring,  
And form the rarest gem—a CHRISTIAN KING :  
O ! bid thy sons his real worth revere,  
Bid loyal Love, bid native Zeal appear ;  
Bid the loud blasts of horrid tumult cease,  
And charm contending factions into peace :  
GENIUS of BRITAIN ! dart thy glowing fire,  
With loyal ardour ev'ry breast inspire.

Obedient ever to thy lov'd command,  
See peerless CHARLOTTE take imperial stand ;  
Supremely eminent, benign, serene,  
She proves that real worth can grace a Queen ;  
She shews that rank can no exemption claim,  
The Wife, the Mother, still one common name :

Arduo us

Arduous indeed the loftier paths to tread,  
And 'midst alluring pomp examples spread ;  
Yet does the royal matron brightly prove,  
Th' excelling pattern of connubial love ;  
Her blooming offspring feel a mother's care,  
Whose well-apportion'd time they fondly share,  
When from the toils of state she hastes to find  
The softest transport of the human mind.  
Return then, GUARDIAN POW'R ! to bless thy land,  
Return, and reassume thy dread command ;  
Thy drooping sons, thy once-lov'd Britons mourn,  
And fervent wishes breathe for thy return :  
Quit then thy pearly grotts, thy coral caves,  
Whose margents green obsequious NEPTUNE laves,  
Let HIM thy dread behests with rapture hear,  
And waft to hostile shores thy bolts of war ;  
Again let UNION's sacred flag be spread,  
And crown with GLORIOUS WREATHS BRITANNIA'S HEAD.

## WRITTEN UPON

The Variety of EPITAPHS offered for the Monument of General WOLFE.

THREE grateful nations WOLFE incessant mourn,  
While tears of millions dew his sacred urn;  
Then on his tomb the pomp of verse forbear,  
Enough to say—Victorious WOLFE rests here.

## WRITTEN UPON

The Neglect of Mr. STANLEY'S ORATORIOS.

WHEN Greece, ungrateful to her Poet's fire,  
Heard not the strains which grac'd his living lyre,  
The sightless Bard, with keenest woe oppress'd,  
Roam'd through her croud'd towns, obscure, distress'd;  
But when, by pitying Heaven from pain remov'd,  
His soul enjoy'd the harmony it lov'd,  
Glories resplendent crown'd his deathless lays,  
And rival cities claim'd the Poet's bays. —  
Ah! let not Britain copy the ingrate,  
And doom her STANLEY to a Homer's fate.

WRITTEN



WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF

# ANSON'S VOYAGES,

By a LADY, a Relation of the Author of this  
Volume of Poems.

SEE, noble ANSON! see thy fame compleat;  
As great thy virtue, thy reward is great:  
Titles and wealth forsake us in the grave,  
Immortal honour only pays the brave.  
The compass'd Globe, thy wond'rous skill here shewn,  
The various deaths escap'd on seas unknown,  
Each act humane, each brave heroic deed,  
Our sons to late posterity shall read,  
Preserv'd by WALTER in these faithful lines,  
Where BRITAIN'S glory mix'd with ANSON'S shines.  
Oh! well-told tale, oh! sweetly-pleasing style,  
The theme, the work, an honour to our isle.  
Thus Rome's great Father in his Virgil lives,  
Thus Virgil's majesty Æneas gives.

A C A R D

Sent to a NOBLEMAN with a Present of  
WELSH MUTTON.

TRUE Cambrian muttòn, delicate to roast,  
Of finer taste than England e'er can boast,  
From rural plains, the rustic mistress sends,  
With grateful wishes to her polish'd friends ;  
Shou'd they the simple gift with smiles receive,  
And let the donor in their converse live,  
The freedom pardon, that dares deck their board,  
And send provision to a noble Lord ;  
Then sure elate her flock would doubly please,  
And her surviving Britons feed at ease.

A CARD

A C A R D

Sent to a L A D Y, who lamented the Loss  
of a C U R I O U S B I R D.

M I R A, cease thy plaintive strains ;  
What though thy Bird of beauty's flown,  
Still one Sister-grace remains,  
Form'd to wait on thee alone ;  
On thee, round whom the rural choir  
Undecoy'd by art attend :  
Tuneful Robins hail thy fire,  
And thy summer walks befriend.  
Could Pythagoras persuade me,  
I this tale would surely prove —  
That the feather'd train who wait thee,  
Once were victims of thy love.

T H E



AL C A R D

Send me I say, who learned the  
of a Curious Bird

What though the bird of beauty's flown,  
Still on the wing remains

On thee, round whom the rural choir  
Unceasingly attend

Thou art the heart's true friend  
And thy former walks defend

Could I thy presence partake  
I this would surely prove —  
That the feathered train who wait thee

Once were victims of thy love

THE

**T H E**  
**B I R T H - D A Y,**

**ENTERTAINMENT OF THREE ACTS.**

**B b**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE ground-work of the following Dramatic attempt is taken from an Author as universally admitted as known.



## P E R S O N S.

**LORD HAYLEM;** a Nobleman, who, after living some time at Court, retired to a fine seat in the country.

**HORATIO;** - - a Gentleman of small fortune, Lord Haylem's bosom friend and neighbour; a man of real worth and universal learning.

**FLORIO;** - - - his son, an accomplished young Gentleman, a student in the Temple:

**LADY HAYLEM;** wife to Lord Haylem, a Lady of refined sense, and great virtue.

**EUDOSIA;** - - - their daughter; a beautiful and well-educated young lady, just attained to the age of twenty.

**JAMES;** - - - an old faithful servant of Horatio's.

Scenes between Lord Haylem's house and Horatio's.

Time from Six to Three.

P E R S O N S

LORD HATLEM, a Nobleman, who, after living some time  
at Court, retired to a quiet life in the  
country.

MORATIO, a Gentleman of small fortune, Lord Hat-  
lem's house friend and neighbor; a  
man of industry and worth and unworldly learn-  
ing.

FLORIO, a young man, an accomplished young Gentle-  
man, a student in the Temple.

LADY HATLEM, wife to Lord Hatlem, a lady of refined  
taste and great virtues.

EUDOSIA, their daughter; a beautiful and well-edu-  
cated young lady, just arrived to the  
age of twenty.

JAMES, an old faithful servant of Moratio's.

Scenes between Lord Hatlem's house and Moratio's.

Time from Six to Three.

T H E  
B I R T H - D A Y.

---

A C T I.  
S C E N E I. A Garden.

*Enter Lady Haylem reading.*

“ HAIL to thy living light,  
 “ Ambrosial morn ! all hail thy roseate ray ;  
 “ That bids gay Nature all her charms display  
 “ In varied beauty bright ;  
 “ That bids each dewy-spangled floweret rise,  
 “ And dart around its vermeil dyes ;  
 “ Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
 “ That winding warbles down the mountain’s side.”

MASON.

How



How sweet, indeed, is this calm hour of day! Nature diffuses round her fragrant store, as grateful incense for her Maker's bounties. The lowing herds, around, repeat his praise. The bird of morning shakes his downy pinions; then, mounting, warbles forth how much he's bless'd: while man, the paragon of all, too oft neglectful, with transient gratitude remembers all these blessings! yet, sure, a scene like this, must wake reflection; and raise the aspiring mind from low pursuits: Thou bounteous Power! I feel, I taste these blessings. *[Eudofia enters during her speaking.]*

And here, another gently steals upon me.—My soul's delight, my tender, mild Eudofia, may all thy days be chearful as this morning!

## EUDOSIA.

Thanks, dearest Madam; then sure I must be happy, for this is quite serene. Oft have you told me, and I well believe it, that sweet Serenity will dwell with Virtue; if then I cultivate those sacred precepts, which your maternal fondness so lavishly bestows, I may in every scene of life be happy.

## LADY HAYLEM.

Most true, Eudofia. 'Tis not a rank in life, a blaze

of jewels, or all the gaudy trappings of ambition, that constitute true happiness or real pleasure; 'tis in the mind alone they will reside, the mind endued with virtue. You daily see the honest hinds (who taste your father's bounty, and feed their little-ones with well-earn'd bread) know peace, content, and all the softer, social joys of life! (which we indeed with our indulgence sweeten): while Station, Eminence, Pride, Power, and Rank, pine under ills that gnaw their very being; because they banish virtue. Not but that rank and power are oft times blessings, as doubtless riches are, if rightly used. But come, Eudofia, our breakfast hour approaches; where is my Lord? we'll spend it in his study.

## EUDOSIA.

Madam, I left him there. Some soft emotion seems to have mov'd him much. Just when I paid my morning duty to him, he clasp'd me to his breast and smiling kiss'd me; then with a flood of tears bedewed my cheek. I, earnest, asked in what I had offended; he smiled again, and faltering answer'd—Never.—Tell me, my dearest Madam, what can it mean? a mind so calm as his, can ne'er be lightly mov'd.

## LADY HAYLEM.

Perhaps, my love, some future plan for you might then engage

gage his thoughts. Perhaps his fond idea saw you married. Besides, it is your birth-day; you know this day you reach'd your twentieth year. His kind heart, no doubt, might melt in gratitude to that good Being who gave us such a child.— But come, Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, I attend you.

[*Exit Lady Haylem.*]

EUDOSIA alone.

Married! forbid it ev'ry pow'r benign,  
'Till on that theme his thoughts accord with mine.

[*Exit Eudofia.*]

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

Changes to HORATIO's House.

*Enter Horatio speaking to James.*

This hour, I hope, will bring my Florio to me. When did the horses go to meet him?

JAMES.

Sir, they set out at three; and William said he did not doubt but they'd be here by eight, as my young master's ever on the wing when he comes down to pay his duty to you. And well in troth he may; so good a father is not often seen.

HORATIO.

Why, James, my son is truly duteous, and deserves the utmost tenderness that I can shew him:—think'st thou not: so? I know thou lov'st us both.

JAMES.

Indeed I do, and I have reason for it. E'er since my  
C c. master.

master Florio was an infant (I think not two months old) I've been your servant; during which time (and now I think 'tis near the twentieth year) I never knew one hour of hard-wrought service: kind gentle looks, and winning soft entreaties, oft bade me think I was your friend, not servant; while he, from earliest infancy, was taught to ask as favours what he might command.

HORATIO.

My duty bade me teach him he was man; and that where real worth was found (whate'er the station) it was his duty to revere such merit, and make the servile tie of bondage easy: such worth I found in thee; and be assur'd, in me thou'lt ever find a friend, as well as master.

JAMES.

A thousand blessings on you for your goodness; and may my master Florio's worth repay, with filial duty, all your noble merits. O! could I see him settled well in life, 'twould make me mighty happy.

HORATIO.

Of that you need not doubt. The man, who weighs his actions by reason's balance and religion's scale, is sure of settling

ting well; virtuous content will still attend his progress, and make each hour of life, tho' humble, happy. James! I shall take a turn upon the terrace; soon as my son arrives, be sure to call me.

JAMES.

Yes surely, Sir, I will.

[*Exeunt.*]



## A C T II.

## S C E N E I. Lord Haylem's Study,

*Discovers Lord and Lady Haylem and Eudofia rising from  
Breakfast.*

## LORD HAYLEM.

**M**Y fair Eudofia, what is the pleasing business of this morning? for well I know, that you, like royal Alfred, assign its task to ev'ry rising hour, nor idly trifle time: But on this day, remember, this day which gave you to our fondness, and bade your infant eyes first look on light, I claim a double portion of it.

## EUDOSIA.

Where can I pass my hours with more delight? My dearest lord, I only will a little while attend my mother, who ever on this day trebles her bounty to the village-poor, that come in crouds to bless and share her goodness. From  
that

that heart-gladdening scene, will pay my morning visit to my aviary, who fluttering, croud around to peck my favours: then instant wait upon you.

LADY HAYLEM.

You are a careful nurse, indeed, Eudofia; and from your earliest dawn of reason, with pleasure have I trac'd that sweet humanity, that now adorns and dignifies your Being: for I am apt to think, that none but noble minds are truly tender.

LORD HAYLEM.

Just are your sentiments, indeed, my love. What happiness peculiar thine, Eudofia, whose ductile mind was form'd by such example, and early train'd to virtue.

EUDOSIA.

My obligations, Sir, to Heaven, and two such parents, I only by obeying can acknowledge.

LORD HAYLEM.

My dear, your filial tenderness repays us amply, and Heaven will doubtless bless you for your goodness. But haste and get your round of business filled; my friend Horatio dines with

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with us to-day; he loves your converse, and you must attend him; soon as he comes, you know, he will expect you.

EUDOSIA.

With joy I always see him, Sir; I look upon him as my second parent! his learning, wit, politeness, all endear him, where'er he goes; but doubly so to me, because, with liberal care, he strives to impart them, and make me benefit by his example.

LORD HAYLEM.

Indeed, he truly loves what'er is mine. Long have our real interests been the same. From tender infancy to rip'ning manhood, e'en to this autumn of our lives, our friendship, warm, unimpair'd by time, more mellow grows; and reason, ev'ry hour, confirms the tender choice of inclination.

LADY HAYLEM.

I have, my Lord, with frequent pleasure heard you repeat fond tales of your first artless friendship; how many social sprightly hours of innocence you pass'd together, while your young friend's delight was still to make you happy.

LORD HAYLEM.

Yes; ever gentle, friendly, was his temper; and tho' his  
studious



studious genius prompted him to explore in foreign realms the paths of curious knowledge, yet was I ne'er forgot: To me he sent, by every opportunity, incessant marks of his increasing friendship; whilst I, tho' hurry'd in the tumultuous circle of a court, priz'd ev'ry letter like my Prince's favour: And when, with ev'ry polish'd art replete, he home return'd, Heavens! with what joy did I again behold him, and earnest vow'd, that we would part no more.

LADY HAYLEM.

Which vow you both have faithfully accomplish'd: For since that happy moment that made me your's, and good Horatio chose his blooming bride (alas! untimely gone) within this peaceful village have we liv'd, where year on year has gently crept upon us, with little sorrow, care, or disappointment.

LORD HAYLEM.

Bless'd be thy worth, my dear, indeed we have; and were it not for that heart-cutting stroke, his Julia's death (in pride of life, and hour of ripening beauty); Julia, his lovely bride; (scarce was she more, for not twelve moons had o'er their union roll'd) we had been sure too happy; but Heaven, in mercy, strikes oft times to save us; too much prosperity benumbs

our senses, and chains our faculties to earthly pleasures; yet Providence, benign, to soothe his sorrows, left him a scion, tho' the tree was blasted; which he, with tender care, has duly cultur'd, till now it blooms with all its mother's fragrance.

EUDOSIA.

Poor helpless Florio, to lose thy mother just when thy little eyes beheld the light. But, my good Madam, he has often told me, your tender care supply'd that fatal loss, and bless'd his infant days with real fondness.

LADY HAYLEM.

My dear, I own I lov'd you both alike, and equal are your years as is my fondness; for but three days was Florio born before you: indeed, your prattling infancy was spent together, and I dare say you love him as a brother.

EUDOSIA.

Worth like Florio's, Madam, will ever claim regard.

LORD HAYLEM.

I wish he may arrive before Horatio comes; I think he told me, he did this day expect him: His presence would in-

## THE BIRTH - DAY.

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crease the joys of meeting, and add a new vivacity to friendship. But, Ladies, see my watch upbraids us with transgressing rules, and borrowing too much time.

LADY HAYLEM.

The fault, my Lord, is yours : for believe me,

Where manly reason waits on cordial love,

Time on his swiftest wing is sure to move.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE



## S C E N E II.

In Horatio's House.

*Horatio enters speaking to James.*

Ah! what is my Florio come?

JAMES.

Yes, Sir, my master's just alighting, and I must haste to meet him.

HORATIO.

Shew him directly hither, I truly long to embrace him.

*Enter Florio.*

FLORIO.

My dearest father, what joy is mine to see you!

HORATIO.

My son! my friend! thus let me hold thee to my beating heart, that there thou may'st be told how much thou art welcome.

FLORIO.

FLORIO.

To mine I must appeal to speak for me; for, surely, that alone can tell, what solid comfort the sight of such a parent ever gives me.

HORATIO.

Thy actions justly speak the language of it, while I exulting own I am prouder of thee, deck'd as thou art, thus grac'd with worth and honour, with noble principles refin'd by learning, than if I had a train of titles for thee, or could endow thee with the wealth of India.

FLORIO.

How blest'd am I in such a judging parent, whose merits taught me to be fond of virtue! Your bright example fir'd my little bosom, and made me wish to be just like my father; while your instructive hand was watchful o'er me, pointing the proper track to every science. Great were the advantages that I enjoyed; and I indeed should be most worthless, did I not shew by ev'ry act of mine, that I in manners, as in blood, am proud to boast them both deriv'd from you.

HORATIO.

My dearest boy, no more,—you're quite become a courtier.  
'Tis well I have you here; our purer air will purge away the

D d 2

complimenting

complimenting strain which polish'd cities give you. But tell me, Florio, has it not mov'd your wonder, why I should hurry you away from town two months at least before your purpos'd visit?

FLORIO.

With rapture, Sir, I read your last commands; for tho' 'tis doubtless right to ply our studies with warm and close attention, and I with pleasure do so; yet when I think of visiting these peaceful shades, where first I drew my breath; of seeing you, my father, and your friends, the good inhabitants of yon delightful mansion; all other pleasures seem but low pursuits; and this, alone, the effect of truth and reason.

HORATIO.

When all are under proper regulation, sure ev'ry passion will conduce to virtue. How few exert that noble privilege, and make their passions servants! how happy they that do! But, my dear Florio, let me now speak of business. Haylem desires we there would dine to-day, and would be early with him; for so he much requested; it is Eudofia's birth-day: I wish you had arriv'd a few days sooner, I might have then rejoic'd with you on your's.

FLORIO.

Indeed, Sir, that I never once remember'd. But tell me,



Sir, how fares your worthy friend and family; I hope they all are well.

HORATIO.

Yes, Heaven be praised, and happy; very happy! 'Tis at my Lord's most pressing suit you now are summon'd here.

FLORIO.

You kindly make me, Sir, of greater consequence, than e'er I deem'd myself; but if, by any act of mine, I can in the least conduce to serve Lord Haylem, I shall be truly happy; then pray, good Sir, inform me, what may this business be?

HORATIO.

Attend, and I will tell you. You know his daughter's fair, as ever fancy form'd.

FLORIO.

Who can forget it, that e'er saw Eudofia? But what of that?

HORATIO.

Why that, tho' oft her sex's darling pride, is but her slightest merit—charm I mean; for her interior beauties are by far surpassing; Nature, indeed, has been most liberal to her; and those fine gifts have, with the care of her judicious parents,

rents, been polish'd like a curious diamond by some nice artist's hand; which now shine forth, and beam a thousand beauties.

FLORIO.

She sure is near perfection!

HORATIO.

No wonder then a fair-one thus accomplish'd, with such a fortune too as Haylem is possess'd of, should meet with many suitors; tho' none by her, or by her friends, regarded; till late a near relation of his Lordship's (tho' not by him for many years acknowledg'd) appears, enrich'd with qualities so rare, as really make him worthy of Eudofia.

FLORIO.

'Tis somewhat odd! Most rare, indeed, must be those qualities, that give the smallest right to claim such beauties. But does Eudofia like him?

HORATIO.

You know what delicacy of mind and virgin modesty appear in ev'ry action of her life; you then may well imagine no giddy levity can there be seen, no flirting air, no common forward fondness; but, you may well depend, my Lord, who is bless'd with ev'ry social virtue, will ne'er bestow her hand

but where her heart went with it. No, he's too good a parent.

FLORIO.

If ever man was truly blest'd, this happy youth must be so. I do presume, Sir, that he has an equal fortune, which must enhance his merit.

HORATIO.

Why, as he is a worthy man, 'tis some addition. Yes, he is heir to one as good as Haylem's. Had that but been thy lot, I might have hop'd to 've seen thee, Florio — But no more. My boy! you seem disturb'd. Alas! what mean these varied passions, which change thy countenance, and shake thy frame?

FLORIO.

I hate hypocrisy, and why should I dissemble? My friend and father, pity and forgive me, when I confess the weakness of my soul, and own I've long with ardour lov'd Eudofia. But why do I profane her name, and call it weakness? No, I glory in it, and dedicate my future life to love her, tho' I may never see her more; though only from my eyes has she receiv'd the smallest instance of my love; hopeless, indeed, has ever been my passion; her rank, her fortune, set her far above  
me;



me; and tho' your tender friendship with her father, gave me a footing there which made me happy; yet sooner than basely to have wrong'd that friendship, by any mean discovery of my passion, I would have instant died.

HORATIO.

My dearest Florio, that was truly noble; but well I know thy honest soul could ne'er descend to baseness. My heart is full with strong emotions for thee. But summon all thy fortitude; for know that thou art appointed to draw the marriage-settlements, and must be careful they are done with judgment and precision.

FLORIO.

Was it for this I flew with rapture hither! How mutable is life! I long, yet dread to see these happy lovers. But why should I dread, whom I have never injur'd?

HORATIO.

My worthy friend well knows our income's scanty; and as I ever have avoided receiving favours from him, and he bears a high opinion of thy knowledge; I find he now intends to make this happy period subservient to his love and friendship for us, and amply pay thy labour.

FLORIO.

FLORIO.

Heaven grant me power to execute it well, and that will overpay me.

HORATIO.

'Tis now high time to dress. The chaise will soon be ready. But I had quite forgot ; you needs must want refreshment.

FLORIO.

Oh ! Sir, my mind, alone, now wants it.

HORATIO.

Remember, Florio, what a favourite writer, whose lessons I early planted in your mind, sublimely says ;

“ Whate’er the virtuous mind itself denies,

“ The secret care of Providence supplies.”

[*Exeunt.*]

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A C T

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Lady Haylem and Eudofia, meeting.*

LADY HAYLEM.

**A**LREADY dress'd, Eudofia! but you, I know, are ever quick on such occasions.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, I should be very glad to copy you; and I am well assur'd, that you think time a gift, by far too precious to waste it at the toilet.

LADY HAYLEM.

My dear, your tenderness for me makes you regard my actions with a partial eye; but, sure, that woman's mind can be but poorly deck'd, who can devote whole hours to de-  
corate



corate her person; though neatness is a duty ev'ry one should practise. Horatio makes it late: Why is my friend so tardy?

EUDOSIA.

My Lord is quite impatient, and wonders at his absence.

LADY HAYLEM.

Indeed his coming here to-day is big with vast importance to us all; but most to thee, Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

To me! what means your Ladyship?

LADY HAYLEM.

You know this morn, Eudofia, you observ'd contending passions swell'd my good Lord's heart; I told you then, that 'twas, perhaps, for you those soft emotions rose, and my surmise was true.

EUDOSIA.

For me! explain these mystic riddles, my dear Madam.

LADY HAYLEM.

My lov'd Eudofia, were I to paint your gentle worth in

E e 2

native

native colours, which I could do with all a mother's fondness, 'twould hurt your modesty; and you, perhaps, might deem me somewhat partial: Let it suffice, that I may justly say, that, by Heaven's liberal hand, you are blest'd with all accomplishments of mind and person, which a fond parent's warmest wish could hope for.

EUDOSIA.

My dearest Madam, whate'er I am, your forming care has made me. But whither tends all this?

LADY HAYLEM.

Attentive hear me, and I will inform you. That such perfections will ever claim regard, even in a trifling age as this is deem'd, is most undoubted; especially when fortune is not wanting. You know, that these attractions have, some time since, procur'd you many lovers; which we, as they were all to you either displeasing or indifferent, have rejected; but as we both are now sincerely anxious to see you married well—

EUDOSIA.

Married!

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes; your good father, who knows your virtues, and with  
his

his friend have made mankind their study, think they have found out one whose worth, in all respects, will equal your's; his temper sweetness, turn of mind the same; nor can we doubt your duty and compliance.

EUDOSIA.

I hope I never shall forget my duty: But O! my mother, tho' this unknown may be possess'd of ev'ry shining virtue, which I too may admire, perhaps I cannot love him; and then you, sure, will not expect compliance.

LADY HAYLEM.

You must determine shortly; for with Horatio comes young Florio.

EUDOSIA.

Ah! Madam, is it Florio?

LADY HAYLEM.

Florio, my dear! what mean you? Why that confusion, child? Yes; Florio comes for this young gentleman, deputed by his father, to make proposals for you; 'tis now his business here: But what will most surprize you is, that your new lover is a near relation of Lord Haylem's, to which you've been a stranger; his fortune too the same, and of undoubted  
proof



proof a most accomplish'd man. You seem transfix'd, Eudofia! Is marriage then so terrible a subject? what have you seen, in our behaviour, can make the state so dreadful?

EUDOSIA.

Oh! never, never. Nought else but gentle tenderness and cordial love was ever known between you; watchful to soothe each care that dar'd to intrude, and doubly blest when both were well and happy. Such joys will ne'er be mine.

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes, yes, Eudofia. Heaven has in store blessings for you, which filial piety is ever sure to meet with. But come, my life, cheer up; be more compos'd; remember what you said this morning—Serenity will ever dwell with Virtue.—Retire a while, I think I hear Horatio. *[Exit Eudofia.]*

LADY HAYLEM alone.

My dear Eudofia, I've trac'd thy gentle heart thro' all its windings, and find it ever good. As a rich soil, it bountifully pays for all the pains of culture.

Just like a garden is the infant mind,

Who sows th' purest seed th' fairest flow'r will find.

*[Exit Lady Haylem.]*

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Lord Haylem, Horatio, and Florio, meeting.*

LORD HAYLEM.

Health to my dear Horatio and my Florio; I truly joy to see you both. But why so long did you delay my promis'd pleasure? Indeed you've made it late.

HORATIO.

Why really, Haylem, the raptures that I felt on Florio's coming, beguill'd the flying moments, and deceiv'd me: But blest'd be the social hour which now unites us; and ever blest'd the birth-day of Eudofia: When I am with you I am somewhat more than happy.

LORD HAYLEM.

We have ever strove to make each other so; and when I gaze, as now I do, on Florio, I think my friendship burns as bright for him.

FLORIO.

FLORIO.

How shall I merit such a glorious title, as good Lord Haylem's friend ! Could I, indeed, but emulate the great examples now before me, I then might hope that honour.

LORD HAYLEM.

My dear young friend, your worth already claims it, and you will ever share me with Horatio.

FLORIO.

My ever noble Lord, you are too bounteous !

LORD HAYLEM.

You have, I do presume, Horatio, told him, why with such haste you sent for him from London.

HORATIO.

Partly, my Lord, I've told him your intentions: his honesty I am sure you may rely on ; I think his judgment too. But where are the ladies ? My lovely Pupil never us'd to be thus long before she saw me.

LORD HAYLEM.

Come to the drawing-room, we there shall find them ; I am sure they are not inform'd of your arrival. [Exeunt.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

The Drawing-Room.

*Discovers Lady Haylem and Eudofia at work.*

LADY HAYLEM.

Your sprig, I see, is almost done, Eudofia.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, it almost is; but I am not dispos'd to work to-day; my mind is somewhat discompos'd; I can't attend to any thing.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well then, my dear, I'd have you work no more; and see, the gentlemen are coming.

*Enter Lord Haylem, Horatio, and Florio.*

LADY HAYLEM.

Ah! my good friend Horatio, are you then come at last?

F f

I am

I am very glad to see you. Say, is it thus you honour my Eudofia? Indeed, we both have chid the lazy moments, and set you down as loiterers.

HORATIO.

O! my dear Madam, could I be so on such a day as this? No, no, you know me better; and to my gentle fair-one must excuse me.

LADY HAYLEM.

I much rejoice to see your favourite Florio, and do expect that he will make your peace.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, 'tis made already.

LADY HAYLEM.

I am glad to see you, Florio, look so well; I hope your journey was not too fatiguing.

FLORIO.

Madam, the thoughts of coming here, at last, would make a journey thrice as tedious, pleasing.

LADY HAYLEM.

Eudofia! are you not glad to see your old friend Florio?—I beg you'd give him welcome.

EUDOSIA.

EUDOSIA.

Madam, my father's friends are ever welcome to me, but Florio doubly so; because from very early life he too was mine. Sir, I rejoice to see you.

FLORIO.

Alas! I now am sorry for it. [*Aside.*] Madam, you honour me too much.

EUDOSIA.

How cool he answers! yet he looks embarrass'd. [*Aside.*

HORATIO.

My sweet Eudofia, what makes you look so grave? I always love to see you chearful.

EUDOSIA.

We can't be always so, Sir; yet the sight of you sure ever gives me pleasure; though 'tis but seldom I have known so little, as at this present meeting.

FLORIO.

Be still, my throbbing heart.

[*Aside.*

LORD HAYLEM.

Come, come, my dear; I know your heart so well, that

F f 2

what



what affords me happiness, can never fail to please my good Eudofia.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well, Horatio, you have not now, I hope, forgot the customary tribute, which ever on this day you kindly paid Eudofia. Your chosen favours, in curious order, grace her study.

HORATIO.

Madam, my memory here is faithful as my friendship; but what I have this day to give, so far surpasses all I have bestow'd, that I must pause awhile, it will so much amaze her.

LORD HAYLEM.

Not more, I think, than what I now intend to give to Florio; for I must keep the custom you have set, and let him share my favour.

HORATIO.

Mark me, Eudofia; in this plain little casket there is a gem of such prodigious value, as will, I think, strew o'er your life with blessings. 'Tis emblematic only; but if it meets with your regard (of which I think I am certain) I hope, with duteous love and gratitude, you'll ever hold it dear.

EUDOSIA.

EUDOSIA.

What can it be! but certain it is, I must regard whatever you bestow, as I am sure 'tis good.

LORD HAYLEM.

Not to be backward with my friend Horatio, I now must tell you, Florio, that in this case you'll find a talisman for every sorrow; sorrow and this were never yet acquainted; long may they keep asunder. It is a gift of qualities so rare, "it beggars all description;" be sure you wrap it in your "heart's best core," nor ever rudely wrong it; 'tis what I have for many years been counting, like miser's gold, but now resign it to you.

LADY HAYLEM.

Why sure! these gifts have some enchantment in them.

EUDOSIA.

I long to see them opened.

FLORIO.

So do I.

LORD HAYLEM.

With joy receive it, Florio, as I truly give it.

FLORIO.

FLORIO.

My Lord, I do. Ah! do I live!—am I awake! and in my perfect senses!—deceive me not, my eyes! it is Eudofia!—You cannot mean to mock me, Sir, you surely are too noble.

EUDOSIA.

Amazement! whence this rapture?

HORATIO.

Now, now, Eudofia, is the auspicious moment, for me to unfold the mysteries of time, and give you what I've promis'd.

*[Opens the casket and gives her a picture.]*

EUDOSIA.

I take it with impatience. Ye gracious Powers! O! Madam, it is Florio.

LADY HAYLEM.

Yes, that is the semblance of the youth I mentioned. Is he not what I spake him, my Eudofia?

EUDOSIA.

My father's near relation, Madam? that can never be! indeed, I am quite astonish'd!

FLORIO.



FLORIO.

I am lost in admiration and delight!

LORD HAYLEM.

Well, were our promises too largely given, or do our gifts exceed them? what says Florio?

FLORIO.

O! my good Lord, thus let me bend, in humble gratitude, for such a precious favour: But can you mean to realize the blessing? I hardly dare enquire.

LORD HAYLEM.

Rise, rise, dear Florio.—Yes, the fair original attends the copy, if that is well received; for so Horatio says; and he, alone, has legal right to give you such a jewel.

FLORIO.

My father legal right to give Eudofia!

LADY HAYLEM.

See here she stands almost a statue; quite lost in joy and wonder; Is it not so, my love?

EUDOSIA.

What shall I say? I know not which is greatest!

HORATIO.

## THE BIRTH-DAY.

HORATIO.

Prepare thee then for more.—Come to my longing arms, and let me tell thee—Thou art—mine; these fond parental tears proclaim it—Mine, and my honour'd Julia's; committed, from thy infant moments, to the indulgent care of love and friendship, that nobly have discharged the tender trust; nor ever suffer'd thee to know that loss, which else had been so fatal.

EUDOSIA.

Ah! Sir, are you my father?—Yes, Nature, sure, I feel thee.

FLORIO.

Julia, my mother, her's!—Forbid it Heaven!

LORD HAYLEM.

No; let me ease thy generous, anxious heart, thou much-lov'd, worthy youth. Here! here thy joyful mother stands, and I—thy happy father. She kindly join'd with us, on Julia's death, to change you both, in hopes of great advantage! which hopes are fully bless'd: For every tender, beautiful quality Eudofia sure might boast of, if boasting were a merit; and every honest, noble, manly virtue, was by Horatio's care and great experience, sown in thy opening mind.

I

A fortune,

A fortune, unexpected, now attends thee, which might perhaps, if known, have damp'd thy ardour in thy various studies, and been ere this insipid; but, now, thy worth insures a lasting pleasure; nor will it be the least, to shew thy gratitude to good Horatio.

FLORIO.

All power's too weak for that. My ever honour'd parents, share my love and duty.

LORD HAYLEM.

I trust we ever shall—And what may we expect from such an union?

LADY HAYLEM.

The fairest fruits of Virtue, love and filial piety. Yes, my Eudofia, 'twas thy mother, lovely Julia, whom we, this morn, with sad remembrance mentioned; but I have ever been a mother to thee, and now am doubly so. My generous Haylem deems it a real happiness to crown, with Fortune's gifts, an object so deserving; and is immensely proud to join his interests, in such a tender manner, with Horatio.

HORATIO.

Thou truly lovely woman! how do thy noble manners,

G g

love



love of honour, recall to my remembrance what I have lost !  
But, no more ; let me be thankful for my present blessings,  
for they are great, and many. My dear Eudofia, let thy  
future conduct best prove thy father's gratitude, as well as  
friendship.

EUDOSIA.

Yes, my dear father, that I hope it will ; and be a faithful  
record too of mine.

FLORIO.

My life shall be the pledge on't. O ! my ever lov'd Eudofia,  
I am supremely blest'd, and cannot speak my rapture :  
But say then, are you happy ?

EUDOSIA.

O ! my Florio, may all our happiness like this be mutual :  
But join with me to thank those rare examples, who gave us  
power to know and taste such blessings.

FLORIO.

My charming maid, I do ; and Heaven will thank them,  
for such a fair discharge of every duty.

HORATIO.

Well, Florio, how are your spirits now ? Think you, you  
can

can inspect the marriage writings with judgment and precision?

FLORIO.

With joy, I am sure I can.

LADY HAYLEM.

Well, Eudofia, how like you our relation? I told you nought but truth.

EUDOSIA.

But, Madam, so mysterious, I dreamt not of such happiness.

LORD HAYLEM.

Now, my children, soon as we can dispatch each needful preparation, we will complete your union. I have order'd all my tenants to be sent for, to celebrate our dear Eudofia's birth-day, and dedicate the hours to sprightly mirth. They, with our good domestics, shall partake the joy in which they are all concern'd; and you, I trust, will cherish their descendants, whose merits claim your notice, as we have ever done their honest parents.

HORATIO.

Yes, my lov'd children, be sure you still remember, you

G g 2

live

live not for yourselves alone ; but are the agents of a bounteous Maker, and must dispense his comforts to the needy :  
And you, kind partners of my heart-felt joy,

Let us, with transport, view this happy pair,  
Whose growing virtues well reward our care ;  
May our example strike each noble mind,  
And every Florio an Eudofia find !



THE TRANSLATION OF  
A Greek HYMN to APOLLO  
VERSIFIED.

Supposed to have been written above 3000 Years.

**G**REAT Father of the bright-ey'd morn,

(O ! hear thy suppliant's voice)

Whose radiant beams our world adorn,

And smiling day rejoice ;

When thy feet-winged courfers fly,

And roseate wheels display,

As rapid o'er the convex sky

They speed their liquid way,

Adorn'd with locks of radiant hue ;

Whose splendors bounteous spread

Around the vast expanse, and shew

The shining tracks they tread,

Of

Of fire. Immortal streams, from thee,  
The genial hours produce;  
The potent healing herb we see,  
And feeds of various use.

To thee the Stars, a chorus train,  
Incessant hymns resound,

While pleas'd Olympus hears thy strain,  
And wafts thy honours round.

From thee not far, the silver Moon  
Her kind affection proves ;

She bids the seasons ripen soon,  
She guards the vales, the groves ;

By Heifers spotless white she's drawn,  
Her robe the æther sweeps,

She pearls with dew the verdant lawn,  
She swells the ebbing deeps.

TAKEN

TAKEN FROM  
 A TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK  
 OF  
 ARATUS'S PHÆNOMENA, VERSE 96th.

FAIR, near Boötes' feet, with splendid ray,  
 The Virgin's lustre rivals ev'n the day;  
 Her beauteous hand a radiant ear sustains  
 Of man's vast blessing, bright in golden grains.  
 Say, does the Maid from great Astræus spring,  
 Father of constellations, mighty King!  
 He, whom loud Fame proclaims the Sire of light,  
 Whose sparkling wonders charm the gazers' sight?  
 Whate'er her line, propitious from her birth,  
 Still may her radiance cheer our favour'd earth;



With dazzling sweetness may she still appear,  
And with her trophy grace our hemisphere !  
Once (blissful time !) if old report has truth,  
The fair celestial, in immortal youth,  
Vouchsaf'd to dwell with man, with lore divine  
Deigning to teach, to govern, to refine :  
With friendly care, the just, the good, she fought ;  
Inspir'd each noble act, each generous thought ;  
Did, meekly-gracious, condescend to dwell  
Among the favour'd race she lov'd so well :  
Though Goddess born, pursues her fost'ring plan,  
Diffusing blessings o'er the race of man.  
Attentive females heard, and did adore,  
While men, with suppliant joy, obey'd her power ;  
Aw'd by the truths divine, that grac'd her tongue,  
(Pure as the radiant source from whence she sprung)  
Gladly exulting, they her might proclaim'd,  
And their bright queen, celestial Justice nam'd.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with that due regard so kindly paid,  
Their future weal employ'd th' immortal maid :  
She in their populous streets conven'd the throng ;  
Oft in assembled crouds she tun'd her song ;  
Sweet in seraphic strains reveal'd her will ;  
Taught how to chuse the good, avoid the ill.  
In those blest days contention bore no fway ;  
No baneful folly mark'd the placid day ;  
No discord then corroding influence spread,  
But lovely Peace erectly rais'd her head,  
Fluttering her downy pinions round the world,  
And jarring atoms back to Chaos hurl'd.  
Unknown was then the mighty Ocean's power,  
Unknown the tempests that around him lour ;  
No floating castles plough'd his circling tide,  
No dreadful thunders on his billows ride :  
Inventive Genius then had never taught  
The dire machines, with fatal mischief fraught ;

The useful plough, the docile oxen, then  
The richest treasures of the happiest men :  
No glittering gems were brought from distant soil,  
The price of virtue and the bane of toil ;  
No tortur'd slave's upbraiding groans were heard ;  
Unsought was wealth, and anguish never fear'd ;  
While their indulgent queen, with liberal hand,  
Strew'd tenfold blessings o'er the smiling land,  
Delighted, charm'd, such subjects to behold,  
Stamp'd the bright æra with the name of Gold.  
Thus did the Goddess on the earth remain,  
Till man, ungrateful, spurn'd her blissful reign ;  
She then beheld them with a sterner grace,  
And veil'd in frowns the splendor of her face ;  
Withdrew her, frequent, from their weaken'd sight,  
Flew to the lonely cave or mountain's height,  
There, to the happy few who sought her aid,  
Still soft, instructive, was th' immortal Maid ;



To them she still unfolds her spotless page,  
And beams faint lustre on the silver age.

One time, descending with the ev'n, she came,  
The people summon'd in her awful name,  
Then, in commanding majesty array'd,  
Their base ingratitude—her love—display'd ;  
“ To you (she cried) ye thankless race, no more  
“ By me shall Wisdom ope her sacred store ;  
“ Far from th' abodes of men I'll wing my flight,  
“ And visit realms of empyrean light ;  
“ Nor longer 'midst the headstrong crew reside,  
“ With Envy, Folly, Wretchedness, and Pride.  
“ Degenerate progeny of golden race,  
“ Whose ancient virtues now your crimes efface,  
“ Yet more debas'd your offspring still shall prove,  
“ Unknown to virtuous truth, to sacred love ;

“ Then hostile War will rush in dread array,  
“ And blood and slaughter shock the face of day ;  
“ Oppression, then, her galling chain shall bind,  
“ And with her scorpion lash afflict mankind.”

Appall'd, they listen to the dread presage  
Of embryo sorrows to the rising age ;  
While the wrong'd Goddess wing'd her rapid flight,  
And instant gain'd her favourite mountain's height.  
In vain they now regret the vanish'd Maid,  
Vainly her counsel seek, or court her aid ;  
Hid in secluded groves she did remain,  
Until their offspring form'd the Brazen reign ;  
Then men destructive rose, unsocial band !  
Who spread contention round the guilty land ;  
They forg'd the murderous sword, the pointed steel,  
And made the docile ox their baseness feel ;

Fed on the lowing herds they us'd to lead

In sportive gambols o'er the flow'ry mead.

Affrighted Justice fled the bloody foil,

Nor longer wou'd on earth her name defile,

But upward flew, in splendor to appear,

And near Boötes grace the hemisphere.



WRITTEN UPON THE

DEATH of Captain FARMER,  
Of His Majesty's Ship QUEBEC.

IF aught of glory charm the rising age,  
If deeds illustrious mark th' historic page,  
If Truth, immortal maid! on Britain wait,  
With the fair records of each hero's fate;  
Then, 'midst the foremost, shall her FARMER's name  
Shine in the annals of eternal fame,  
Join'd with his kindred WOLFE's, in glory join'd;  
In both were valour, honour, worth, combin'd;  
Mark'd by one fate, one name, their own to raise,  
QUEBEC, to each a monument of praise.  
Both votive offerings for their country bleed,  
Both gain in death their spotless honour's meed.

ELEGY

## E L E G Y

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF

THOMAS Lord LYTTELTON.

THE Muse, whose sorrows darken'd Hagley's groves,  
 When their lov'd LYCIDAS forgot to breathe,  
 Now strikes her pensive lyre to keener woes,  
 While those sad strains a kindred warmth bequeath.

Alas, LOTHARIO ! wert thou Virtue's child,

Sweet LUCY's offspring, LYCIDAS thy fire ?  
 How from thy noble lineage wander'd wild !  
 How warp'd thy native worth by vain desire !

Yet oft the meed of genius hast thou won ;

Didst thou not gain from fame the fairest wreath ?  
 Did not each Muse attend on LUCY's son,  
 And for his brows the greenest chaplets weave ?

Yes,

Yes, early gain'd, as early did they fade;

Bankrupt in honour, with a vicious train,  
His short-liv'd trophies wither'd in the shade  
Of baleful pleasures, of amusements vain.

Then, self-condemn'd, the dangerous reasoner flew,  
Spreading contagious eloquence around;  
No sweet domestic peace, no pleasure knew,  
Nor where one solid comfort could be found.

His brilliant wit, by all who heard admir'd,  
The genius charms, while all the man despise;  
Ev'n though that wit each gentler grace inspir'd,  
Ev'n though sweet pity bade the genius rise.

Mark it, ye gay!—while in the wild career  
Of false ambition's airy dance arrang'd,  
Th' unerring, unsuspected foe drew near,  
And with one rapid blow the prospect chang'd!

Angel



Angel of Mercy ! in that awful hour

Didst Thou speak comfort to his struggling heart ?

Did not his anguish supplicate Thy power ?

His pungent sorrow plead the victim's part ?

On Thy sweet charms the Muse delights to dwell,

Fair delegate of heaven's immortal King !

Thy healing balm can every pain repel,

And blunt the tyrant conqueror's venom'd sting.

Who knows the limits of thy great command ?

Who knows what contrite pangs his bosom heav'd ?

Who knows what fervent vows to Heaven he plann'd,

Or the last powerful sigh his anguish breath'd ?

Clos'd be the painful scene—the trembling Muse

Drops the sad tear of pity on his tomb,

Nor dares absolve, nor rashly dares accuse,

But leaves to Mercy's God his final doom.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF  
CAPTAIN COOK.

QUEEN of arms, of arts, imperial Isle,  
 Parent of noble deeds, of fair desire,  
 Where Freedom (spite of Faction's gloom) will smile,  
 Warming thy dauntless sons with genuine fire !  
 Oh ! speak thy sorrows, ease thy bleeding heart,  
 That swells indignant at thy hero's doom ;  
 That son, who fondly took a parent's part,  
 Her glories spreading, found a barbarous tomb.  
 Command his worth in lasting verse to shine,  
 Bid Fame, bid History, his sculpture rear,  
 Bid generous Britons consecrate his shrine,  
 And Cook's lov'd name command the grateful tear.

F I N I S.

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